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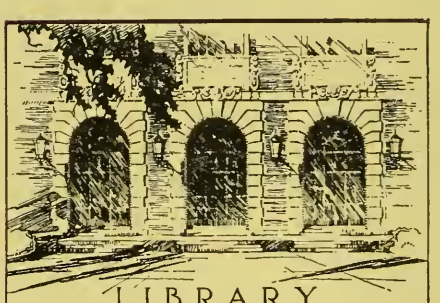

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MELINCOURT.

VOCEM COMŒDIA TOLLIT.

Printed by S. Gosnell, Little Queen Street, London.

MELINCOURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

HEADLONG HALL.

"Nous nous moquons des Paladins! quand ces maximes romanesques commencerent à devenir ridicules, ce changement fut moins l'ouvrage de la raison que celui des mauvaises mœurs."—ROUSSEAU.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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MELINCOURT.

CHAP. XV.

THE LIBRARY.

Mr. Forester, Mr. Fax, and Sir Oran Hautton arrived at Melincourt Castle. They were shown into a parlour, where they were left alone a few minutes; when Mr. Hippy made his appearance, and recognising Sir Oran, shook hands with him very cordially. Mr. Forester produced the letter he had received from Mr. Ratstail, which Mr. Hippy having read, vented a string of invectives against the impudent rascal, and explained the mystery of the adventure, though he seemed

to think it strange that Sir Oran could not have explained it himself. Mr. Forester shook his head significantly; and Mr. Hippy affecting to understand the gesture, exclaimed, "Ah! poor gentleman!"—He then invited them to stay to dinner. "I won't be refused," said he; "I am lord and master of this castle at present, and here you shall stay till to-morrow. Anthy will be delighted to see her friend here" (bowing to Sir Oran, who returned it with great politeness), "and we will hold a council of war how to deal with this pair of puppies, Lawrence Litigate, Esquire, and Richard Ratstail, Solicitor. I have several visitors here already: lords, baronets, and squires, all Corydons, sighing for Anthy; but it seems *Love's Labour Lost* with all of them. However, love and wine, you know! Anthy won't give them the first, so I drench them with the second: there will

be more bottles than hearts cracked in the business, for all Anthy's beauty. *Men die, and worms eat them,* as usual, *but not for love.*"

Mr. Forester inquired for Sir Telegraph Paxarett. "An excellent fellow after dinner!" exclaimed Mr. Hippy. "I never see him in the morning; nor any one else, but my rascal Harry Fell, and now and then Doctor Killquick. The moment breakfast is over, one goes one way, and another another. Anthy locks herself up in the library."

"Locks herself up in the library!" said Mr. Fax: "a young lady, a beauty, and an heiress, in the nineteenth century, think of cultivating her understanding!"

"Strange but true," said Mr. Hippy; "and here am I, a poor invalid, left alone all the morning to prowl about the castle like a ghost; that is, when I am well enough to move, which is not always the case. But the library is opened

at four, and the party assembles there before dinner; and as it is now about the time, come with me, and I will introduce you."

They followed Mr. Hippy to the library, where they found Anthelia alone.

"Anthy," said Mr. Hippy, after the forms of introduction, "do you know you are accused of laying waste a pine-grove, and carrying it off by cart-loads, with force and arms?"

Anthelia read Mr. Ratstail's letter. "This is a very strange piece of folly," she said: "I hope it will not be a mischievous one." She then renewed the expressions of her gratitude to Sir Oran, and bade him welcome to Melincourt. Sir Oran bowed in silence.

"Folly and mischief," said Mr. Fax, "are very nearly allied; and no where more conspicuously than in the forms of the law."

MR. FORESTER.

You have an admirable library, Miss Melincourt: and I judge from the great number of Italian books, you are justly partial to the poets of that exquisite language. The apartment itself seems singularly adapted to the genius of their poetry, which combines the magnificent simplicity of ancient Greece with the mysterious grandeur of the feudal ages. Those windows of stained glass would recall to an enthusiastic mind the attendant spirit of Tasso; and the waving of the cedars beyond, when the wind makes music in their boughs, with the birds singing in their shades and the softened dash of the torrent from the dingle below, might, with little aid from fancy, be modulated into that exquisite combination of melody which flowed from the enchanted wood at the entrance of Rinaldo, and which Tasso has painted with a degree of

harmony not less magical than the music he describes. Italian poetry is all fairyland: I know not any description of literature so congenial to the tenderness and delicacy of the female mind, which, however opposite may be the tendency of modern education, Nature has most pre-eminently adapted to be 'a mansion for all lovely forms: a dwelling-place for all sweet sounds and harmonies*.' Of these, Italian poetry is a most inexhaustible fountain; and for that reason I could wish it to be generally acknowledged a point of the very first importance in female education.

ANTHELIA.

You have a better opinion of the understandings of women, Sir, than the generality of your lordly sex seems disposed to entertain.

---

* Wordsworth's Tintern Abbey.

MR. FORESTER.

The conduct of men, in this respect, is much like that of a gardener who should plant a plot of ground with merely ornamental flowers, and then pass sentence on the soil for not bearing substantial fruit. If women are treated only as pretty dolls, and dressed in all the fripperies of irrational education; if the vanity of personal adornment and superficial accomplishments be made from their very earliest years to suppress all mental aspirations, and to supersede all thoughts of intellectual beauty, is it to be inferred that they are incapable of better things? But such is the usual logic of tyranny, which first places its extinguisher on the flame, and then argues that it cannot burn.

MR. FAX.

Your remark is not totally just: for though

custom, how justly I will not say, banishes women from the fields of classical literature, yet the study of Italian poetry, of which you think so highly, is very much encouraged among them.

MR. FORESTER.

You should rather say it is not discouraged. They are permitted to know it: but in very few instances is the permission accompanied by any practical aid. The only points practically enforced in female education are sound, colour, and form,—music, dress, drawing, and dancing. The mind is left to take care of itself.

MR. FAX.

And has as much chance of doing so as a horse in a pound, circumscribed in the narrowest limits, and studiously deprived of nourishment.

The simile is, I fear, too just. To think is one of the most unpardonable errors a woman can commit in the eyes of society. In our sex a taste for intellectual pleasures is almost equivalent to taking the veil; and though not absolutely a vow of perpetual celibacy, it has almost always the same practical tendency. In that universal system of superficial education which so studiously depresses the mind of women, a female who aspires to mental improvement will scarcely find in her own sex a congenial associate; and the other will regard her as an intruder on its prescriptive authority, its legitimate and divine right over the dominion of thought and reason: and the general consequence is, that she remains insulated between both, in more than cloistered loneliness. Even in its effect on herself, the ideal beauty which she studies

will make her fastidious, too fastidious, perhaps, to the world of realities, and deprive her of the happiness that might be her portion, by fixing her imagination on chimæras of unattainable excellence.

MR. FORESTER.

I can answer for men, Miss Melincourt, that there are some, many I hope, who can appreciate justly that most heavenly of earthly things, an enlightened female mind; whatever may be thought by the pedantry that envies, the foppery that fears, the folly that ridicules, or the wilful blindness that will not see its loveliness. I am afraid your last observation approaches most nearly to the truth, and that it is owing more to their own fastidiousness than to the want of friends and admirers, that intelligent women are so often

alone in the world. But were it otherwise, the objection will not apply to Italian poetry, a field of luxuriant beauty, from which women are not interdicted even by the most intolerant prejudice of masculine usurpation.

ANTHELIA.

They are not interdicted, certainly; but they are seldom encouraged to enter it. Perhaps it is feared, that, having gone thus far, they might be tempted to go farther: that the friend of Tasso might aspire to the acquaintance of Virgil, or even to an introduction to Homer and Sophocles.

MR. FORESTER.

And why should she not? Far from desiring to suppress such a noble ambition, how delightful should I think the task of conducting the lovely aspirant through the

treasures of Grecian genius! — to wander hand-in-hand with such a companion among the valleys and fountains of Ida, and by the banks of the eddying Scamander *; through the island of Calypso and the gardens of Alcinous †; to the rocks of the Scythian desert ‡; to the caverned shores of the solitary Lemnos §; and to the fatal sands of Trœzene ‖:—to kindle in such scenes the enthusiasm of such a mind, and to see the eyes of love and beauty beaming with their reflected inspiration! Miserably perverted, indeed, must be the selfishness of him who, having such happiness in his power, would,

> Like the base Indian, throw a pearl away,
> Richer than all his tribe."

---

* The Iliad. † The Odyssey. ‡ The Prometheus of Æschylus. § The Philoctetes of Sophocles. ‖ The Hippolytus of Euripides.

MR. FAX.

My friend's enthusiasm, Miss Melincourt, usually runs away with him when any allusion is made to ancient Greece.

Mr. Forester had spoken with ardour and animation; for the scenes of which he spoke rose upon his mind as depicted in the incomparable poetry to which he had alluded; the figurative idea of wandering among them with a young and beautiful female aspirant, assumed for a moment a visionary reality; and when he subsequently reflected on it, it appeared to him very singular that the female figure in the mental picture had assumed the form and features of Anthelia Melincourt.

Anthelia, too, saw in the animated countenance of Sylvan Forester traces of more than common feeling, generosity, and intelligence: his imaginary wanderings through the

classic scenes of antiquity assumed in her congenial mind the brightest colours of intellectual beauty; and she could not help thinking that if he were what he appeared, such wanderings, with such a guide, would not be the most unenviable of earthly destinies.

The other guests dropped in by ones and twos. Sir Telegraph was agreeably surprised to see Mr. Forester: "By the bye," said he, "have you heard that a general election is to take place immediately?"

"I have," said Mr. Forester, "and was thinking of putting you and your barouche in requisition very shortly."

"As soon as you please," said Sir Telegraph.

The Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney took Sir Telegraph aside, to make inquiry concerning the new-comers.

THE HONOURABLE MRS. PINMONEY.

Who is that very bright-eyed wild-looking young man?

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

That is my old acquaintance and fellow-collegian, Sylvan Forester, now of Redrose Abbey, in this county.

THE HONOURABLE MRS. PINMONEY.

Is he respectable?

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

He has a good estate, if you mean that.

THE HONOURABLE MRS. PINMONEY.

To be sure I mean that. And who is that tall thin saturnine personage?

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

I know nothing of him but that his name

is Fax, and that he is now on a visit to Mr. Forester at Redrose Abbey.

THE HONOURABLE MRS. PINMONEY.

And who is that *very* tall and remarkably ugly gentleman?

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

That is Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet; to which designation you may shortly add M. P. for the ancient and honourable borough of Onevote.

THE HONOURABLE MRS. PINMONEY.

A Baronet! and M. P.! Well, now I look at him again, I certainly do not think him so very plain: he has a very fashionable air. Haut-ton! French extraction, no doubt. And now I think of it, there is something very French in his physiognomy.

Dinner was announced, and the party adjourned to the dining-room. Mr. Forester offered his hand to Anthelia; and Sir Oran Haut-ton, following the example, presented his to the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney*.

---

* "Je l'ai vu présenter sa main pour reconduire les gens qui venoient le visiter; se promener gravement avec eux et comme de compagnie, &c."—BUFFON, *H. N. de l'Oran-Outang.*

CHAP. XVI.

THE SYMPOSIUM.

The dinner passed off with great harmony. The ladies withdrew. The bottle revolved with celerity, under the presidency of Mr. Hippy, and the vice-presidency of Sir Telegraph Paxarett. The Reverend Mr. Portpipe, who was that day of the party, pronounced an eulogium on the wine, which was echoed by the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub, Mr. O'Scarum, Lord Anophel Achthar, Mr. Feathernest, and Mr. Derrydown. Mr. Forester and Mr. Fax showed no disposition to destroy the unanimity of opinion on this interesting subject. Sir Oran Haut-ton maintained a grave and dignified silence, but demonstrated by his practice that his taste was orthodox.

Mr. O'Scarum sate between Sir Oran and the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, and kept a sharp look-out on both sides of him; but did not, during the whole course of the sitting, detect either of his supporters in the heinous fact of a heeltap.

MR. HIPPY.

Doctor Killquick may say what he pleases

" Of mithridate, cordials, and elixirs;
But from my youth this was my only physic.—
Here 's a colour! what lady's cheek comes near it?
It sparkles, hangs out diamonds! O my sweet heart!
Mistress of merry hearts! they are not worth thy favours
Who number thy moist kisses in these crystals * !"

* Fletcher's Sea Voyage.

THE REVEREND MR. PORTPIPE.

An excellent text! — sound doctrine, plain and practical. When I open the bottle, I shut the book of Numbers. There are two reasons for drinking: one is, when you are thirsty, to cure it; the other, when you are not thirsty, to prevent it. The first is obvious, mechanical, and plebeian; the second is most refined, abstract, prospicient, and canonical. I drink by anticipation of thirst that may be. Prevention is better than cure. Wine is the elixir of life. "The soul," says St. Augustine, "cannot live in drought *." What is death? Dust and ashes. There is nothing so dry. What is life? Spirit. What is spirit? Wine.

---

* Anima certè, quia spiritus est, in sicco habitare non potest.

MR. O'SCARUM.

And whisky.

THE REVEREND MR. PORTPIPE.

Whisky is hepatic, phlogistic, and exanthematous. Wine is the hierarchical and archiepiscopal fluid. Bacchus is said to have conquered the East, and to have returned loaded with its spoils. "Marry how? tropically." The conquests of Bacchus are the victories of imagination, which, sublimated by wine, puts to rout care, fear, and poverty, and revels in the treasures of Utopia.

MR. FEATHERNEST.

The juice of the grape is the liquid quintessence of concentrated sun-beams. Man is an exotic, in this northern climate, and must be nourished like a hot-house plant, by the perpetual adhibition of artificial heat.

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR.

You were not always so fond of wine, Feathernest?

MR. FEATHERNEST.

Oh, my Lord! no allusion, I beseech you, to my youthful errors. Demosthenes being asked what wine he liked best, answered, that which he drank at the expense of others.

THE REVEREND MR. PORTPIPE.

Demosthenes was right. His circumstance, or qualification, is an accompaniment of better relish than a devilled biscuit or an anchovy toast.

MR. FEATHERNEST.

In former days, my Lord, I had no experience that way; therefore I drank water against my will.

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR.

And wrote Odes upon it, to Truth and Liberty.

MR. FEATHERNEST.

" Ah, no more of that, an thou lovest me." Now that I can get it for a song, I take my pipe of wine a year: and what is the effect? Not cold phlegmatic lamentations over the sufferings of the poor, but high-flown, jovial, reeling dithyrambics " to all the crowned heads in Europe." I had then a vague notion that all was wrong. Persuasion has since appeared to me in a tangible shape, and convinced me that all is right, especially at court. Then I saw darkly through a glass—of water. Now I see clearly through a glass of wine.

THE REVEREND MR. PORTPIPE.

(Looking through his glass, at the light.) An infallible telescope!

MR. FORESTER.

I am unfortunately one of those, Sir, who very much admired your Odes to Truth and Liberty, and read your royal lyrics with very different sensations.

MR. FEATHERNEST.

I presume, Sir, every man has a right to change his opinions.

MR. FORESTER.

From disinterested conviction undoubtedly: but when it is obviously from mercenary motives, the apostacy of a public man is a public calamity. It is not his single loss to the cause he supported, that is alone to be lamented: the deep shade of mistrust which his conduct throws on that of all others, who embark in the same career, tends to destroy all sympathy with the enthusiasm of genius, all

admiration for the intrepidity of truth, all belief in the sincerity of zeal for public liberty: if their advocates drop one by one into the vortex of courtly patronage, every new one that arises will be more and more regarded as a hollow-hearted hypocrite, a false and venal angler for pension and place; for there is in these cases no criterion, by which the world can distinguish the baying of a noble dog that will defend his trust till death, from the yelping of a political cur, that only infests the heels of power to be silenced with the offals of corruption.

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR.

Cursed severe, Feathernest, 'pon honour.

MR. FAX.

The gradual falling off of prudent men from unprofitable virtues, is perhaps too

common an occurrence to deserve much notice, or justify much reprobation *.

MR. FORESTER.

If it were not common, it would not need reprobation. Vices of unfrequent occurrence stand sufficiently self-exposed in the insulation of their own deformity. The vices that call for the scourge of satire, are those which pervade the whole frame of society, and which, under some specious pretence of private duty, or the sanction of custom and precedent, are almost permitted to assume the semblance of virtue, or at least to pass unstigmatized in the crowd of congenial transgressions.

MR. FEATHERNEST.

You may say what you please, Sir. I am accustomed to this language, and am quite

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* Edinburgh Review, No. LIII. p. 10.

callous to it, I assure you. I am in good odour at court, Sir; and you know, *Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.* While I was out, Sir, I made a great noise till I was let in. There was a pack of us, Sir, to keep up your canine metaphor: two or three others got in at the same time: we knew very well that those who were shut out, would raise a hue and cry after us: it was perfectly natural: we should have done the same in their place: mere envy and malice, nothing more. Let them bark on: when they are either wanted or troublesome, they will be let in, in their turn. If there be any man, who prefers a crust and water, to venison and sack, I am not of his mind. It is pretty and politic to make a virtue of necessity: but when there is an end of the necessity I am very willing that there should be an end of the virtue. *If you could live on roots*, said Diogenes to Aris-

tippus, *you would have nothing to do with kings.—If you could live on kings,* replied Aristippus, *you would have nothing to do with roots.*—Every man for himself, Sir, and God for us all.

MR. DERRYDOWN.

The truth of things on this subject, is contained in the following stave:

" This world is a well-furnished table,
Where guests are promiscuously set:
We all fare as well as we 're able,
And scramble for what we can get."

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

Buz the bottle.

MR. O'SCARUM.

Over, by Jupiter!

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

No

MR. O'SCARUM.

Yes.

THE REVEREND MR. PORTPIPE.

No. The Baronet has a most mathematical eye. Buzzed to a drop!

MR. FORESTER.

Fortunately, Sir, for the hopes of mankind, every man does not bring his honour and conscience to market, though I admit the majority do: there are some who dare be honest in the worst of times.

MR. FEATHERNEST.

Perhaps, Sir, you are one of those who can *afford to have a conscience*, and are therefore under no necessity of bringing it to market. If so, you should "give God thanks, and make no boast of it." It is a great luxury certainly, and well worth keeping, *cæteris paribus*. But it is neither meat, clothes, nor

fire. It becomes a good coat well; but it will never make one. Poets are verbal musicians, and, like other musicians, they have a right to sing and play, where they can be best paid for their music.

MR. FORESTER.

There could be no objection to that, if they would be content to announce themselves as dealers and chapmen: but the poetical character is too frequently a combination of the most arrogant and exclusive assumption of freedom and independence in theory, with the ost abject and unqualified venality, servility, and sycophancy in practice.

MR. FEATHERNEST.

It is *as notorious*, Sir, *as the sun at noonday*, that theory and practice are never expected to coincide. If a West Indian planter declaims against the Algerines, do you expect

him to lose any favourable opportunity of increasing the number of his own slaves? If an invaded country cries out against spoliation, do you suppose, if the tables were turned, it would show its weaker neighbours the forbearance it required? If an Opposition orator clamours for a reform in Parliament, does any one dream, that, if he gets into office, he will ever say another word about it? If one of your reverend friends should display his touching eloquence on the subject of temperance, would you therefore have the barbarity to curtail him of one drop of his three bottles? Truth and liberty, Sir, are pretty words, very pretty words—a few years ago they were the gods of the day—they superseded in poetry the agency of mythology and magic: they were the only passports into the poetical market: I acted accordingly the part of a prudent man: I took my station, became my own

crier, and vociferated Truth and Liberty, till the noise I made brought people about me, to bid for me: and to the highest bidder I knocked myself down, at less than I am worth certainly; but when an article is not likely to keep, it is by no means prudent to postpone the sale.

"What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.—
And that which was proved true before,
Prove false again?—Two hundred more."

MR. HIPPY.

A dry discussion! Pass the bottle, and moisten it.

MR. O'SCARUM.

Here's half of us fast asleep. Let us make a little noise to wake us. A glee now: I'll be one: who'll join?

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

I.

THE REVEREND MR. PORTPIPE.

And I.

MR. HIPPY.

Strike up then. Silence!

GLEE—THE GHOSTS.

In life three ghostly friars were we,
And now three friarly ghosts we be.
Around our shadowy table placed,
The spectral bowl before us floats:
With wine that none but ghosts can taste,
We wash our unsubstantial throats.
Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts are we:
Let the ocean be Port, and we 'll think it good sport
To be laid in that Red Sea.

With songs that jovial spectres chaunt,
Our old refectory still we haunt.

The traveller hears our midnight mirth :
" O list !" he cries, " the haunted choir !
" The merriest ghost that walks the earth,
" Is sure the ghost of a ghostly friar."
Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts are we :
Let the ocean be Port, and we 'll think it good sport
To be laid in that Red Sea.

MR. HIPPY.

Bravo! I should like to have my house so haunted. The deuce is in it, if three such ghosts would not keep the blue devils at bay. Come, we 'll lay them in a bumper of claret.

(Sir Oran Haut-ton took his flute from his pocket, and played over the air of the glee. The company was at first extremely surprised, and then joined in applauding his performance. Sir Oran bowed acknowledgment, and returned his flute to his pocket.)

MR. FORESTER.

It is, perhaps, happy for yourself, Mr. Feathernest, that you can treat with so much levity a subject that fills me with the deepest grief. Man under the influence of civilization has fearfully diminished in size and deteriorated in strength. The intellectual are confessedly nourished at the expense of the physical faculties. Air, the great source and fountain of health and life, can scarcely find access to civilized man, muffled as he is in clothes, pent in houses, smoke-dried in cities, half-roasted by artificial fire, and parboiled in the hydrogen of crowded apartments. Diseases multiply upon him in compound proportion. Even if the prosperous among us enjoy some comforts unknown to the natural man, yet what is the poverty of the savage, compared with that of the lowest classes in civilized nations? The specious aspect of luxury and abundance in

one, is counterbalanced by the abject penury and circumscription of hundreds. Commercial prosperity is a golden surface, but all beneath it is rags and wretchedness. It is not in the splendid bustle of our principal streets—in the villas and mansions that sprinkle our valleys—for those who enjoy these things (even if they did enjoy them—even if they had health and happiness—and the rich have seldom either), bear but a small proportion to the whole population:—but it is in the mud hovel of the labourer—in the cellar of the artizan—in our crowded prisons—our swarming hospitals—our overcharged workhouses—in those narrow districts of our overgrown cities, which the affluent never see—where thousands and thousands of families are compressed within limits not sufficient for the pleasure-ground of a simple squire,—that we must study the true mechanism of political society. When the

philosopher turns away in despair from this dreadful accumulation of moral and physical evil, where is he to look for consolation, if not in the progress of science, in the enlargement of mind, in the diffusion of philosophical truth? But if truth is a chimæra—if virtue is a name—if science is not the handmaid of moral improvement, but the obsequious minister of recondite luxury, the specious appendage of vanity and power—then indeed, *that man has fallen never to rise again* *, is as much the cry of nature as the dream of superstition.

THE REVEREND MR. PORTPIPE.

Man has fallen, certainly, by the fruit of the tree of knowledge: which shows that

* See the preface to the third volume of the Ancient Metaphysics. See also Rousseau's Discourse on Inequality, and that on the Arts and Sciences.

human learning is vanity and a great evil, and therefore very properly discountenanced by all bishops, priests, and deacons.

MR. FAX.

The picture which you have drawn of poverty is not very tempting; and you must acknowledge that it is most galling to the most refined feelings. You must not, therefore, wonder that it is peculiarly obnoxious to the practical notions of poets. If the radiance of gold and silver gleam not through the foliage of the Pierian laurel, there is something to be said in their excuse if they carry their chaplet to those who will gild its leaves; and in that case they will find their best customers and patrons among those who are ambitious of acquiring panegyric by a more compendious method than the troublesome practice of the virtues that deserve it.

MR. FORESTER.

You have quoted Juvenal, but you should have completed the sentence: "If you see no glimpse of coin in the Pierian shade, you will prefer the name and occupation of a barber or an auctioneer *." This is most just: if the pursuits of literature, conscientiously conducted, condemn their votary to famine, let him live by more humble, but at least by honest, and therefore honourable occupations: he may still devote his leisure to his favourite pursuits. If he produce but a single volume consecrated to moral truth, its effect must be good as far as it goes; but if he purchase leisure and luxury by the prostitution of talent to the cause of superstition and tyranny,

* "Nam si Pieriâ quadrans tibi nullus in umbrâ
Ostendatur, ames nomen victumque Machæræ,
Et vendas potius commissa quod auctio vendit, &c."
Juv.

every new exertion of his powers is a new outrage to reason and virtue, and in precise proportion to those powers is he a curse to his country, and a traitor to mankind.

MR. FEATHERNEST.

A barber, Sir!—a man of genius turn barber!

MR. O'SCARUM.

Troth, Sir, and I think it is better he should be in the suds himself, than help to bring his country into that situation.

MR. FORESTER.

I can perceive, Sir, in your exclamation the principle that has caused so enormous a superabundance in the number of bad books over that of good ones. The objects of the majority of men of talent seem to be exclusively two: the first, to convince the world of their

transcendent abilities; the second, to convert that conviction into a source of the greatest possible pecuniary benefit to themselves. But there is no class of men more resolutely indifferent to the moral tendency of the means by which their ends are accomplished. Yet this is the most extensively pernicious of all modes of dishonesty; for that of a private man can only injure the pockets of a few individuals (a great evil, certainly, but light in comparison); while that of a public writer, who has previously taught the multitude to respect his talents, perverts what is much more valuable, the mental progress of thousands; misleading, on the one hand, the shallow believers in his sincerity; and on the other, stigmatizing the whole literary character in the opinions of all who see through the veil of his venality.

MR. FEATHERNEST.

All this is no reason, Sir, why a man of genius should condescend to be a barber.

MR. FORESTER.

He condescends much more in being a sycophant. The poorest barber in the poorest borough in England, who will not sell his vote, is a much more honourable character in the estimate of moral comparison than the most self-satisfied dealer in courtly poetry, whose well-paid eulogiums of licentiousness and corruption were ever re-echoed by the "most sweet voices" of hireling gazetteers and pensioned reviewers.

The summons to tea and coffee put a stop to the conversation.

CHAP. XVII.

MUSIC AND DISCORD.

The evenings were beginning to give symptoms of winter, and a large fire was blazing in the library. Mr. Forester took the opportunity of stigmatizing the use of sugar, and had the pleasure of observing that the practice of Anthelia in this respect was the same as his own. He mentioned his intention of giving an anti-saccharine festival at Redrose Abbey, and invited all the party at Melincourt to attend it. He observed that his aunt, Miss Evergreen, who would be there at the time, would send an invitation in due form to the ladies, to remove all scruples on

the score of propriety; and added, that if he could hope for the attendance of half as much moral feeling as he was sure there would be of beauty and fashion, he should be satisfied that a great step would be made towards accomplishing the object of the Anti-saccharine Society.

The Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub felt extremely indignant at Mr. Forester's notion "of every real enemy to slavery being bound by the strictest moral duty to practical abstinence from the luxuries which slavery acquires;" but when he found that the notion was to be developed in the shape of a festival, he determined to suspend his judgment till he had digested the solid arguments that were to be brought forward on the occasion.

Mr. O'Scarum was, as usual, very clamorous for music, and was seconded by the unanimous wish of the company, with which

Anthelia readily complied, and sung as follows:

THE FLOWER OF LOVE.

'T is said the rose is Love's own flower,
Its blush so bright, its thorns so many;
And winter on its bloom has power,
But has not on its sweetness any.
For though young Love's ethereal rose
Will droop on Age's wintry bosom,
Yet still its faded leaves disclose
The fragrance of their earliest blossom.

But ah! the fragrance lingering there
Is like the sweets that mournful duty
Bestows with sadly-soothing care,
To deck the grave of bloom and beauty.
For when its leaves are shrunk and dry,
Its blush extinct, to kindle never,
That fragrance is but Memory's sigh,
That breathes of pleasures past for ever.

Why did not Love the amaranth choose,
That bears no thorns, and cannot perish?
Alas! no sweets its flowers diffuse,
And only sweets Love's life can cherish.
But be the rose and amaranth twined,
And Love, their mingled powers assuming,
Shall round his brows a chaplet bind,
For ever sweet, for ever blooming.

"I am afraid," said Mr. Derrydown, "the flower of modern love is neither the rose nor the amaranth, but the *chrysanthemum*, or *gold-flower*. If Miss Danaretta and Mr. O'Scarum will accompany me, we will sing a little harmonized ballad, something in point, and rather more conformable to the truth of things." Mr. O'Scarum and Miss Danaretta consented, and they accordingly sung the following

BALLAD TERZETTO.

THE LADY, THE KNIGHT, AND THE FRIAR.

THE LADY.

O cavalier! what dost thou here,
Thy tuneful vigils keeping;
While the northern star looks cold from far,
And half the world is sleeping?

THE KNIGHT.

O lady! here, for seven long year,
Have I been nightly sighing,
Without the hope of a single tear
To pity me were I dying.

THE LADY.

Should I take thee to have and to hold,
Who hast nor lands nor money?
Alas! 't is only in flowers of gold
That married bees find honey.

THE KNIGHT.

O lady fair! to my constant prayer
Fate proves at last propitious;
And bags of gold in my hand I bear,
And parchment scrolls delicious.

THE LADY.

My maid the door shall open throw,
For we too long have tarried:
The friar keeps watch in the cellar below,
And we will at once be married.

THE FRIAR.

My children! great is Fortune's power;
And plain this truth appears,
That gold thrives more in a single hour,
Than love in seven long years.

During this terzetto, the Reverend Mr. Portpipe fell asleep, and accompanied the performance with rather a deeper bass than was generally deemed harmonious.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett took Mr. Forester aside, to consult him on the subject of the journey to Onevote.

" I have asked," said he, " my aunt and cousin, Mrs. and Miss Pinmoney, to join the party, and have requested them to exert their influence with Miss Melincourt to induce her to accompany them."

" That would make it a delightful expedition, indeed," said Mr. Forester, " if Miss Melincourt could be prevailed on to comply."

" *Nil desperandum*," said Sir Telegraph.

The Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney drew Anthelia into a corner, and developed all her eloquence in enforcing the proposition. Miss Danaretta joined in it with great earnestness; and they kept up the fire of their importunity till they extorted from Anthelia a promise that she would consider of it.

Mr. Forester took down a splendid edition

of Tasso, printed by Bodoni at Parma, and found it ornamented with Anthelia's drawings. In the magic of her pencil the wild and wonderful scenes of Tasso seemed to live under his eyes: he could not forbear expressing to her the delight he experienced from these new proofs of her sensibility and genius, and entered into a conversation with her concerning her favourite poet, in which the congeniality of their tastes and feelings became more and more manifest to each other.

Mr. Feathernest and Mr. Derrydown got into a hot dispute over Chapman's Homer and Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living: Mr. Derrydown maintaining that the ballad metre which Chapman had so judiciously chosen, rendered his volume the most divine poem in the world; Mr. Feathernest asserting that Chapman's verses were mere doggrel: which vile aspersion Mr. Derrydown revenged by depreciating Mr.

Feathernest's favourite Jeremy. Mr. Feathernest said he could expect no better judgment from a man who was mad enough to prefer Chevy Chase to Paradise Lost; and Mr. Derrydown retorted, that it was idle to expect either taste or justice from one who had thought fit to unite in himself two characters so anomalous as those of a poet and a critic, in which duplex capacity he had first deluged the world with torrents of execrable verses, and then written anonymous criticisms to prove them divine. "Do you think, Sir," he continued, "that it is possible for the same man to be both Homer and Aristotle? No, Sir; but it is very possible to be both Dennis and Colley Cibber, as in the melancholy example before me."

At this all the blood of the *genus irritabile* boiled in Mr. Feathernest's veins, and uplifting the ponderous folio, he seemed in-

clined to bury his antagonist under Jeremy's *weight of words*, by applying them in a *tangible shape;* but wisely recollecting that this was not the time and place

> " To prove his doctrine orthodox,
> By apostolic blows and knocks,"

he contented himself with a point-blank denial of the charge that he wrote critiques on his own works, protesting that all the articles on his poems were written either by his friend Mr. Mystic, of Cimmerian Lodge, or by Mr. Vamp, the amiable editor of the Legitimate Review. " Yes," said Mr. Derrydown, " on the ' *Tickle me Mr. Hayley* ' principle; by which a miserable cabal of doggrel rhymesters and worn-out paragraph-mongers of bankrupt gazettes ring the eternal changes of panegyric on each other, and on every thing else that is either rich enough to buy their

praise, or vile enough to deserve it: like a gang in a country steeple, paid for being a public nuisance, and maintaining that noise is melody."

Mr. Feathernest on this became perfectly outrageous; and waving Jeremy Taylor in the air, exclaimed, "*Oh that mine enemy had written a book!* Horrible should be the vengeance of the Legitimate Review!"

Mr. Hippy now deemed it expedient to interpose for the restoration of order, and entreated Anthelia to throw in a little musical harmony as a sedative to the ebullitions of poetical discord. At the sound of the harp the antagonists turned away, the one flourishing his Chapman and the other his Jeremy with looks of lofty defiance.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE STRATAGEM.

The Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub, who had acquired a great proficiency in the art of hearing without seeming to listen, had overheard Mrs. Pinmoney's request to Anthelia; and, notwithstanding the young lady's hesitation, he very much feared she would ultimately comply. He had seen, much against his will, a great congeniality in feelings and opinions, between her and Mr. Forester, and had noticed some unconscious external manifestations of the interior mind on both sides, some outward and visible signs of the inward and spiritual sentiment, which convinced him that a more intimate acquaintance with each other would lead them to a conclusion, which, for the reasons we

have given in the ninth chapter, he had no wish to see established. After long and mature deliberation, he determined to rouse Lord Anophel to a sense of his danger, and spirit him up to an immediate *coup-de-main*. He calculated, that, as the young Lord was a spoiled child, immoderately vain, passably foolish, and totally unused to contradiction, he should have little difficulty in moulding him to his views. His plan was, that Lord Anophel, with two or three confidential fellows, should lie in ambush for Anthelia in one of her solitary rambles, and convey her to a lonely castle of his Lordship's on the sea-coast, with a view of keeping her in close custody, till fair means or foul should induce her to regain her liberty, in the character of Lady Achthar. This was to be Lord Anophel's view of the subject; but the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub had in the inner cave of his perceptions a very promising

image of a different result. As he would have free access to Anthelia in her confinement, he intended to worm himself into her favour, under the cover of friendship and sympathy, with the most ardent professions of devotion to her cause, and promises of endeavours to effect her emancipation, involving the accomplishment of this object in a multitude of imaginary difficulties, which it should be his professed study to vanquish. He deemed it very probable, that, by a skilful adoperation of these means, and by moulding Lord Anophel, at the same time, into a system of conduct as disagreeable as possible to Anthelia, he might himself become the lord and master of the lands and castle of Melincourt, when he would edify the country with the example of his truly orthodox life, faring sumptuously every day, raising the rents of his tenants, turning out all who were in arrear, and occa-

sionally treating the rest with discourses on temperance and charity.

With these ideas in his head, he went in search of Lord Anophel, and proceeding *pedetentim*, and opening the subject *peirastically*, he managed so skilfully, that his Lordship became himself the proposer of the scheme, with which the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub seemed unwillingly to acquiesce.

Mr. Forester, Mr. Fax, and Sir Oran Haut-ton took leave of the party at Melincourt Castle; the former having arranged with Sir Telegraph Paxarett, that he was to call for them at Redrose Abbey in the course of three days, and reiterated his earnest hopes that Anthelia would be persuaded to accompany Mrs. Pinmoney and her beautiful daughter, in the expedition to Onevote.

Lord Anophel Achthar and the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub also took leave, as a

matter of policy, that their disappearance at the same time with Anthelia, might not excite surprise. They pretended a pressing temporary engagement in a distant part of the country, and carried off with them Mr. Feathernest the poet, whom, nevertheless, they did not deem it prudent to let into the secret of their scheme.

The next day Anthelia, still undecided on this subject, wandered alone to the ruined bridge, to contemplate the scene of her former misadventure. As she ascended the hill that bounded the valley of Melincourt, a countryman crossed her path, and touching his hat passed on. She thought there was something peculiar in his look, but had quite forgotten him, when, on looking back as she descended on the other side, she observed him making signs, as if to some one at a distance: she could not, however, consider that they had

any relation to her. The day was clear and sunny; and when she entered the pine-grove, the gloom of its tufted foliage, with the sunbeams chequering the dark-red soil, formed a grateful contrast to the naked rocks and heathy mountains that lay around it, in the full blaze of daylight. In many parts of the grove was a luxuriant laurel underwood, glittering like silver in the partial sunbeams that penetrated the interstices of the pines. Few scenes in nature have a more mysterious solemnity than such a scene as this. Anthelia paused a moment. She thought she heard a rustling in the laurels, but all was again still. She proceeded: the rustling was renewed. She felt alarmed, yet she knew not why, and reproached herself for such idle and unaccustomed apprehensions. She paused again to listen: the soft tones of a flute sounded from a distance: these gave her confidence, and she

again proceeded. She passed by the tuft of laurels in which she had heard the rustling. Suddenly a mantle was thrown over her. She was wrapped in darkness, and felt that she was forcibly seized by several persons, who carried her rapidly along. She screamed, but the mantle was immediately pressed on her mouth, and she was hurried onward. After a time the party stopped: a tumult ensued: she found herself at liberty, and threw the mantle from her head. She was on a road at the verge of the pine-grove: a chaise and four was waiting. Two men were running away in the distance: two others, muffled and masked, were rolling on the ground, and roaring for mercy, while Sir Oran Haut-ton was standing over them with a stick *, and treat-

* "They use an artificial weapon for attack and defence, viz. a stick, which no animal merely brute is known to do."—*Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 4.

ing them as if he were a thresher, and they were sheaves of corn. By her side was Mr. Forester, who, taking her hand, assured her that she was in safety, while at the same time he endeavoured to assuage Sir Oran's wrath, that he might raise and unmask the fallen foes. Sir Oran, however, proceeded in his summary administration of natural justice till he had dispensed what was to his notion a *quantum sufficit* of the application: then throwing his stick aside, he caught them both up, one under each arm, and climbing with great dexterity a high and precipitous rock, left them perched upon its summit, bringing away their masks in his hand, and making them a profound bow at taking leave *.

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* "There is a story of one of them, which seems to show they have a sense of justice as well as honour. For a negro having shot a female of this kind, that was feeding among his Indian corn, the male, whom our author calls the husband of

Mr. Forester was anxious to follow them to their aërial seat, that he might ascertain who they were, which Sir Oran's precipitation had put it out of his power to do; but Anthelia begged him to return with her immediately to the Castle, assuring him that she thought them already sufficiently punished, and had no apprehension that they would feel tempted again to molest her.

Sir Oran now opened the chaise-door, and drew out the post-boys by the leg, who, at the beginning of the fray, had concealed themselves from his fury under the seat. Mr. Forester succeeded in rescuing them from

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this female, pursued the negro into his house, of which having forced open the door, he seized the negro and dragged him out of the house to the place where his wife lay dead or wounded, and the people of the neighbourhood could not rescue the negro, nor force the oran to quit his hold of him, till they shot him likewise."—*Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 4.

Oran, and endeavoured to extract from them information as to their employers: but the boys declared that they knew nothing of them, the chaise having been ordered by a strange man to be in waiting at that place, and the hire paid in advance.

Anthelia, as she walked homeward, leaning on Mr. Forester's arm, inquired to what happy accident she was indebted for the timely intervention of himself and Sir Oran Hautton. Mr. Forester informed her, that having a great wish to visit the scene which had been the means of introducing him to her acquaintance, he had made Sir Oran understand his desire, and they had accordingly set out together, leaving Mr. Fax at Redrose Abbey, deeply engaged in the solution of a problem in political arithmetic.

CHAP. XIX.

THE EXCURSION.

Anthelia found, from what Mr. Forester had said, that she had excited a much greater interest in his mind than she had previously supposed; and she did not dissemble to herself that the interest was reciprocal. The occurrence of the morning, by taking the feeling of safety from her solitary walks, and unhinging her long associations with the freedom and security of her native mountains, gave her an inclination to depart for a time at least from Melincourt Castle; and this inclination combining with the wish to see more of one who appeared to possess so much intellectual superiority to the generality of mankind, rendered

ner very flexible to Mrs. Pinmoney's wishes, when that Honourable lady renewed her solicitations to her to join the expedition to Onevote. Anthelia, however, desired that Mr. Hippy might be of the party, and that her going in Sir Telegraph's carriage should not be construed in any degree into a reception of his addresses. The Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney, delighted to carry her point, readily complied with the condition, trusting to the influence of time and intimacy to promote her own wishes, and the happiness of her dear nephew.

Mr. Hippy was so overjoyed at the project, that, in the first ebullitions of his transport, meeting Harry Fell on the landing-place, with a packet of medicine from Dr. Killquick, he seized him by the arm, and made him dance a *pas de deux:* the packet fell to the earth, and Mr. Hippy, as he

whirled old Harry round to the tune of *La Belle Laitière*, danced over that which, but for this timely demolition, might have given his heir an opportunity of dancing over him.

It was accordingly arranged that Sir Telegraph Paxarett, with the ladies and Mr. Hippy, should call on the appointed day at Redrose Abbey for Mr. Forester, Mr. Fax, and Sir Oran Haut-ton.

Mr. Derrydown and Mr. O'Scarum were inconsolable on the occasion, notwithstanding Mr. Hippy's assurance that they should very soon return, and that the hospitality of Melincourt Castle should then be resumed under his supreme jurisdiction. Mr. Derrydown determined to consume the interval at Keswick, in the composition of dismal ballads; and Mr. O'Scarum to proceed to Low-wood Inn, and drown his cares in claret with Major O'Dogskin.

We shall pass over the interval till the arrival of the eventful day on which Mr. Forester, from the windows of Redrose Abbey, watched the approach of Sir Telegraph's barouche. The party from Melincourt arrived, as had been concerted, to breakfast: after which, they surveyed the Abbey, and perambulated the grounds. Mr. Forester produced the Abbot's skull *, and took occasion to expatiate very largely on the diminution of the size of mankind; illustrating his theory by quotations and anecdotes from Homer †, He-

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* See Chap. IV.

† "Homer has said nothing positively, of the size of any of his heroes, but only comparatively, as I shall presently observe: nor is this to be wondered at; for I know no historian ancient or modern, that says any thing of the size of the men of his own nation, except comparatively with that of other nations. But in that fine episode of his, called by the ancient critics the Τειχοσκοπια, or *Prospect from the Walls*, he has given us a very accurate description of the persons of several of the Greek heroes; which I am persuaded he had

rodotus *, Arrian, Plutarch, Philostratus, Pausanias, and Solinus Polyhistor. He ask-

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from very good information. In this description he tells us, that Ulysses was shorter than Agamemnon by the head, shorter than Menelaus by the head and shoulders, and that Ajax was taller than any of the Greeks by the head and shoulders; consequently, Ulysses was shorter than Ajax by two heads and shoulders, which we cannot reckon less than four feet. Now, if we suppose these heroes to have been no bigger than we, then Ajax must have been a man about six feet and a half, or at most seven feet; and if so, Ulysses must have been most contemptibly short, not more than three feet, which is certainly not the truth, but a most absurd and ridiculous fiction, such as we cannot suppose in Homer: whereas, if we allow Ajax to have been twelve or thirteen feet high, and, much more, if we suppose him to have been eleven cubits, as Philostratus makes him, Ulysses, though four feet short of him, would have been of a good size, and, with the extraordinary breadth which Homer observes he had, may have been as strong a man as Ajax."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 146.

* "It was only in after-ages, when the size of men was greatly decreased, that the bodies of those heroes, if they happened to be discovered, were, as was natural, admired and exactly measured. Such a thing happened in Laconia, where the body of Orestes was discovered, and found to be of length seven cubits, that is, ten feet and a half. The story

ed, if it were possible that men of such a stature as they have dwindled to in the present

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is most pleasantly told by Herodotus, and is to this effect: The Lacedemonians were engaged in a war with the Tegeatæ, a people of Arcadia, in which they were unsuccessful. They consulted the oracle at Delphi, what they should do in order to be more successful. The oracle answered, 'That they must bring to Sparta the bones of Orestes, the son of Agamemnon.' But these bones they could not find, and therefore they sent again to the oracle to inquire where Orestes lay buried. The God answered in hexameter verse, but so obscurely and enigmatically, that they could not understand what he meant. They went about inquiring every where for the bones of Orestes, till at last a wise man among them, called by Herodotus *Liches*, found them out, partly by good fortune, and partly by good understanding; for, happening to come one day to a smith's shop in the country of the Tegeatæ, with whom at that time there was a truce and intercourse betwixt the two nations, he looked at the operations of the smith, and seemed to admire them very much; which the smith observing, stopped his work, and, 'Stranger,' says he, 'you that seem to admire so much the working of iron, would have wondered much more if you had seen what I saw lately; for, as I was digging for a well in this court here, I fell upon a coffin that was seven cubits long; but *believing that there never were at any time bigger men than the present*, I opened the coffin, and found there a

age, could have erected that stupendous monument of human strength, Stonehenge?

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dead body as long as the coffin, which having measured, I again buried.' Hearing this, the Spartan conjectured that the words of the oracle would apply to a smith's shop, and to the operations there performed; but taking care not to make this discovery to the smith, he prevailed on him, with much difficulty, to give him a lease of the court; which having obtained, he opened the coffin, and carried the bones to Sparta. After which, says our author, the Spartans were upon every occasion superior in fight to the Tegeatæ."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 146.

"The most of our philosophers at present are, I believe, of the opinion of the smith in Herodotus, who might be excused for having that opinion at a time when perhaps no other heroic body had been discovered. But in later times, I believe there was not the most vulgar man in Greece, who did not believe that those heroes were very much superior, both in mind and body, to the men of after-times. Indeed, they were not considered as mere men, but as something betwixt gods and men, and had *heroic* honours paid them, which were next to the *divine*. On the stage they were represented as of extraordinary size, both as to length and breadth; for the actor was not only raised upon very high shoes, which they called *cothurns*, but he was put into a case that swelled his size prodigiously (and I have somewhere read a very ridiculous story of one of them, who, coming

in the vicinity of which, he said, a body had been dug up, measuring fourteen feet ten inches in length *.

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upon the stage, fell and broke his case, so that all the trash with which it was stuffed, came out and was scattered upon the stage in the view of the whole people). This accounts for the high style of ancient tragedy, in which the heroes speak a language so uncommon, that, if I considered them as men nowise superior to us, I should think it little better than fustian, and should be apt to apply to it what Falstaff says to Pistol: 'Pr'ythee, Pistol, speak like a man of this world.' And I apply the same observation to Homer's poems. If I considered his heroes as no more than men of this world, I should consider the things he relates of them as quite ridiculous; but believing them to be men very much superior to us, I read Homer with the highest admiration, not only as a poet, but as the historian of the noblest race of men that ever existed. Thus, by having right notions of the superiority of men in former times, we both improve our philosophy of man, and our taste in poetry."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 150.

* "But though we should give no credit to those ancient authors, there are monuments still extant, one particularly to be seen in our own island, which I think ought to convince every man that the men of ancient times were much superior to us, at least in the powers of the body. The monument I mean is well known by the name of Stonehenge, and there

The barouche bowled off from the Abbey gates, carrying four inside and eight out;

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are several of the same kind to be seen in Denmark and Germany. I desire to know where are the arms now, that, with so little help of machinery as they must have had, could have raised and set up on end such a number of prodigious stones, and put others on the top of them, likewise of very great size? Such works are said by the peasants in Germany to be the works of giants, and I think they must have been giants compared with us. And, indeed, the men who erected Stonehenge could not, I imagine, be of size inferior to that man whose body was found in a quarry near to Salisbury, within a mile of which Stonehenge stands. The body of that man was fourteen feet ten inches. The fact is attested by an eye-witness, one Elyote, who writes, I believe, the first English-Latin Dictionary that ever was published. It is printed in London in 1542, in folio, and has, under the word *Gigas*, the following passage: 'About thirty years passed and somewhat more, I myself beynge with my father Syr Rycharde Elyote, at a monastery of regular canons, called Juy Churche, two myles from the citie of Sarisburye, beholde the bones of a deade man founde deep in the grounde, where they dygged stone, which being joined togyther, was in length xiiii feet and ten ynches, there beynge mette; whereof one of the teethe my father hadde, whych was of the quantytie of a great walnutte. This have I wrytten, because some menne wylle believe nothynge that is out of the compasse of theyre owne knowledge,

videlicet, the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney, Miss Danaretta, Mr. Hippy, and Anthelia,

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and yet some of them presume to have knowledge, above any other, contemnynge all men but themselfes or suche as they favour.' It is for the reason mentioned by this author, that I have given so many examples of the greater size of men than is to be seen in our day, to which I could add several others concerning bodies that have been found in this our island, particularly one mentioned by Hector Boece in his *Description of Scotland*, prefixed to his Scotch History, where he tells us that in a certain church which he names in the shire of Murray, the bones of a man of much the same size as those of the man mentioned by Elyote, viz. fourteen feet, were preserved. One of these bones Boece himself saw, and has particularly described." — *Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 156.

"But without having recourse to bones or monuments of any kind, if a man has looked upon the world as long as I have done with any observation, he must be convinced that the size of man is diminishing. I have seen such bodies of men, as are not now to be seen: I have observed in families, of which I have known three generations, a gradual decline in that, and I am afraid in other respects. Others may think otherwise; but for my part I have so great a veneration for our ancestors, that I have much indulgence for that ancient superstition among the Etrurians, and from them derived to the Romans, of worshipping the *manes* of their ancestors

inside; Sir Telegraph Paxarett and Sir Oran Haut-ton on the box, the former with his whip and the latter with his French horn, in the characters of coachman and guard; Mr. Forester and Mr. Fax in the front of the roof; and Sir Telegraph's two grooms, with Peter Gray and Harry Fell, behind. Sir Telegraph's coachman, as the inside of the car-

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under the names of *Lares* or domestic gods, which undoubtedly proceeded upon the supposition that they were men superior to themselves, and their departed souls such genii as Hesiod has described,

Εσθλοι, αλεξικακοι, φυλακες θνητων ανθρωπων.

And if antiquity and the universal consent of nations can give a sanction to any opinion, it is to this, that our forefathers were better men than we. Even as far back as the Trojan war, the best age of men, of which we have any particular account, Homer has said that few men were better than their fathers, and the greater part worse:

Οι πλεονες κακιους, παυροι δε τε πατρος αρειους.

And this he puts into the mouth of the Goddess of Wisdom . . . . . But when I speak of the universal consent of nations, I ought to except the men, and particularly the young men, of this age, who generally believe themselves to be better men than their fathers, or than any of their predecessors."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 161.

riage was occupied, had been left at Melincourt.

In addition to Sir Telegraph's travelling library (which consisted of a single quarto volume, magnificently bound: videlicet, a Greek Pindar, which Sir Telegraph always carried with him; not that he ever read a page of it, but that he thought such a classical inside passenger would be a perpetual tacit vindication of his tethrippharmatelasipedioploctypophilous pursuits), Anthelia and Mr. Forester had taken with them a few of their favourite authors; for, as the ancient and honourable borough of Onevote was situated almost at the extremity of the kingdom, and as Sir Telegraph's diurnal stages were necessarily limited, they had both conjectured that

"the poet's page, by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest,"

might furnish an agreeable evening employment in the dearth of conversation. Anthelia also, in compliance with the general desire, had taken her lyre, by which the reader may understand, if he pleases, the *harp-lute-guitar;* which, whatever be its merit as an instrument, has so unfortunate an appellation, that we cannot think of dislocating our pages with such a cacophonous compound.

They made but a short stage from Red-rose Abbey, and stopped for the first evening at Low-wood Inn, to the great joy of Mr. O'Scarum and Major O'Dogskin. Mr. O'Scarum introduced the Major; and both offered their services to assist Mr. Hippy and Sir Telegraph Paxarett in the council they were holding with the landlady on the eventful subject of dinner. This being arranged, and the hour and minute punctually specified, it was proposed to employ the interval in a little excursion on the lake. The

party was distributed in two boats: Sir Telegraph's grooms rowing the one, and Peter Gray and Harry Fell the other. They rowed to the middle of the lake, and rested on their oars. The sun sunk behind the summits of the western mountains: the clouds that, like other mountains, rested motionless above them, crested with the towers and battlements of aërial castles, changed by degrees from fleecy whiteness to the deepest hues of crimson. A solitary cloud, resting on an eastern pinnacle, became tinged with the reflected splendour of the west: the clouds over-head spreading, like an uniform veil of network, through the interstices of which the sky was visible, caught in their turn the radiance, and reflected it on the lake, that lay in its calm expanse like a mirror, imaging with such stillness and accuracy the forms and colours of all around and above it, that it seemed as if

the waters were withdrawn by magic, and the boats floated in crimson light between the mountains and the sky.

The whole party was silent, even the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney, till Mr. O'Scarum entreated Anthelia to sing "something neat and characteristic; or a harmony now for three voices, would be the killing thing; eh! Major?"—"Indeed and it would," said Major O'Dogskin: "there's something very soft and pathetic in a cool evening on the water, to sit still, doing nothing at all but listening to pretty words and tender melodies." And lest the sincerity of his opinion should be questioned, he accompanied it with an emphatical oath, to show that he was in earnest; for which the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney called him to order.

Major O'Dogskin explained.

Anthelia, accompanied by Miss Danaretta and Mr. O'Scarum, sung the following

TERZETTO.

1. Hark! o'er the silent waters stealing,
   The dash of oars sounds soft and clear:
   Through night's deep veil, all forms concealing,
   Nearer it comes, and yet more near.

2. See! where the long reflection glistens,
   In yon lone tower her watch-light burns:
3. To hear our distant oars she listens,
   And, listening, strikes the harp by turns.

1. The stars are bright, the skies unclouded;
   No moonbeam shines; no breezes wake:
   Is it my love, in darkness shrouded,
   Whose dashing oar disturbs the lake?

2. O haste, sweet maid, the cords unrolling;
The holy hermit chides our stay!
1. 2. 3. Hark! from his lonely islet tolling,
His midnight bell shall guide our way.

Sir Oran Haut-ton now produced his flute, and treated the company with a solo. Another pause succeeded. The contemplative silence was broken by Major O'Dogskin, who began to fidget about in the boat, and drawing his watch from his fob, held it up to Mr. Hippy, and asked him if he did not think the partridges would be spoiled? "To be sure they will," said Mr. Hippy, "unless we make the best of our way. Cold comfort this, after all: sharp air and water:—give me a roaring fire and a six-bottle cooper of claret."

The oars were dashed into the water, and the fairy reflections of clouds, rocks, woods, and mountains were mingled in the confusion

of chaos. The reader will naturally expect, that, having two lovers on a lake, we shall not lose the opportunity of throwing the lady into the water, and making the gentleman fish her out; but whether that our Thalia is too veridicous to permit this distortion of facts, or that we think it the more original incident to return them to the shore as dry as they left it, the reader must submit to the disappointment, and be content to see the whole party comfortably seated, without let, hindrance, or molestation, at a very excellent dinner, served up under the judicious inspection of mine hostess of Low-wood.

The heroes and heroines of Homer used to eat and drink all day till the setting sun *; and, by dint of industry, contrived to finish

* Ἡμεις μεν προπαν ημαρ, ες ηελιον καταδυντα,
Ἡμεθα, δαινυμενοι κρεα τ' ασπετα και μεθυ ηδυ· κτλ.

that important business by the usual period at which modern beaux and belles begin it—who are, therefore, necessitated, like Penelope, to sit up all night: not, indeed, to destroy the works of the day, for how can nothing be annihilated? This does not apply to all our party, and we hope not to many of our readers.

CHAP. XX.

THE SEA-SHORE.

They stopped the next evening at a village on the sea-shore. The wind rose in the night, but without rain. Mr. Forester was up before the sun, and descending to the beach, found Anthelia there before him, sitting on a rock, and listening to the dash of the waves, like a Nereid to Triton's shell.

MR. FORESTER.

You are an early riser, Miss Melincourt.

ANTHELIA.

I always was so. The morning is the infancy of the day, and, like the infancy of life, has health and bloom, and cheerfulness and

purity, in a degree unknown to the busy noon, which is the season of care, or the languid evening, which is the harbinger of repose. Perhaps the song of the nightingale is not in itself less cheerful than that of the lark: it is the season of her song that invests it with the character of melancholy. It is the same with the associations of infancy: it is all cheerfulness, all hope: its path is on the flowers of an untried world. The daisy has more beauty in the eye of childhood than the rose in that of maturer life. The spring is the infancy of the year: its flowers are the flowers of promise and the darlings of poetry. The autumn too has its flowers; but they are little loved, and little praised: for the associations of autumn are not with ideas of cheerfulness, but with yellow leaves and hollow winds, heralds of winter, and emblems of dissolution.

MR. FORESTER.

These reflections have more in them of the autumn than of the morning. But the mornings of autumn participate in the character of the season.

ANTHELIA.

They do so: yet even in mists and storms the opening must be always more cheerful than the closing day.

MR. FORESTER.

But this morning is fine and clear, and the wind blows over the sea. Yet this, to me at least, is not a cheerful scene.

ANTHELIA.

Nor to me. But our long habits of association with the sound of the winds and the waters, have given them to us a voice of melancholy majesty: a voice not audible by those

little children who are playing yonder on the shore. To them all scenes are cheerful. It is the morning of life: it is infancy that makes them so.

MR. FORESTER.

Fresh air and liberty are all that is necessary to the happiness of children. In that blissful age "when nature's self is new," the bloom of interest and beauty is found alike in every object of perception—in the grass of the meadow, the moss on the rock, and the sea-weed on the sand. They find gems and treasures in shells and pebbles; and the gardens of fairyland in the simplest flowers. They have no melancholy associations with autumn or with evening. The falling leaves are their playthings; and the setting sun only tells them that they must go to rest as he does, and that he will light them to their sports in

the morning. It is this bloom of novelty, and the pure, unclouded, unvitiated feelings with which it is contemplated, that throw such an unearthly radiance on the scenes of our infancy, however humble in themselves, and give a charm to their recollections which not even Tempe can compensate. It is the force of first impressions. The first meadow in which we gather cowslips, the first stream on which we sail, the first home in which we awake to the sense of human sympathy, have all a peculiar and exclusive charm, which we shall never find again in richer meadows, mightier rivers, and more magnificent dwellings; nor even in themselves, when we revisit them after the lapse of years, and the sad realities of noon have dissipated the illusions of sunrise. It is the same, too, with first love, whatever be the causes that render it unsuccessful: the second choice may have just

preponderance in the balance of moral estimation; but the object of first affection, of all the perceptions of our being, will be most divested of the attributes of mortality. The magical associations of infancy are revived with double power in the feelings of first love; but when they too have departed, then, indeed, the light of the morning is gone.

Pensa che questo di mai non raggiorna!

ANTHELIA.

If this be so, let me never be the object of a second choice: let me never love, or love but once.

MR. FORESTER.

The object of a second choice you cannot be, with any one who will deserve your love: for to have loved any other woman, would show a heart too lightly captivated to be worthy of yours. The only mind that can de-

serve to love you, is one that would never have known love, if it never had known you.

Anthelia and Mr. Forester were both so unfashionably sincere, that they would probably, in a very few minutes, have confessed to each other, more than they had till that morning, perhaps, confessed to themselves, but that their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Hippy fuming for his breakfast, accompanied by Sir Telegraph cracking his whip, and Sir Oran blowing the Reveillée on his French horn.

"So ho!" exclaimed Sir Telegraph; "Achilles and Thetis, I protest, consulting on the sea-shore."

ANTHELIA.

Do you mean to say, Sir Telegraph, that I am old enough to be Mr. Forester's mother?

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

No, no; that is no part of the comparison: but we are the ambassadors of Agamemnon (videlicet, Mr. Fax, whom we left very busily arranging the urns, not of lots by the by, but of tea and coffee): here is old Phœnix on one side of me, and Ajax on the other.

MR. FORESTER.

And you, of course, are the wise Ulysses.

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

There the simile fails again. *Comparatio non urgenda*, as I think Heyne used to say, before I was laughed out of reading at college.

MR. FORESTER.

You should have found me too, if you call me Achilles, solacing my mind with music, Φρενα τερπομενον Φορμιγγι λιγειη: but, to make amends for the deficiency, you have brought me a musical Ajax.

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

You have no reason to wish even for the golden lyre of my old friend Pindar himself: you have been listening to the music of the winds and the waters, and to what is more than music, the voice of Miss Melincourt.

MR. HIPPY.

And there is a very pretty concert waiting for you at the inn—the tinkling of cups and spoons, and the divine song of the tea-urn.

CHAP. XXI.

THE CITY OF NOVOTE.

On the evening of the tenth day, the barouche rattled triumphantly into the large and populous city of Novote, which was situated at a short distance from the ancient and honourable borough of Onevote. The city contained fifty thousand inhabitants, and had no representative in the Honourable House, the deficiency being virtually supplied by the two members for Onevote; who, having no affairs to attend to for the borough, or rather the burgess, that did return them, were supposed to have more leisure for those of the city which did not: a system somewhat analogous to that which the learned author of *Hermes* calls *a method of supply by negation.*

Sir Oran signalized his own entrance by

playing on his French horn, *See the conquering hero comes!* Bells were ringing, ale was flowing, mobs were huzzaing, and it seemed as if the inhabitants of the large and populous city were satisfied of the truth of the admirable doctrine, that the positive representation of one individual is a virtual representation of fifty thousand. They found afterwards, that all this festivity had been set in motion by Sir Oran's brother candidate, Simon Sarcastic, Esquire, to whom we shall shortly introduce our readers.

The barouche stopped at the door of a magnificent inn, and the party was welcomed with some scores of bows from the whole *corps d'hôtel*, with the fat landlady in the van, and Boots in the rear. They were shown into a splendid apartment, a glorious fire was kindled in a minute, and while Mr. Hippy looked over the bill of fare, and followed mine hostess to inspect the state of the larder, Sir Tele-

graph proceeded to *peel*, and emerged from his four *benjamins*, like a butterfly from its chrysalis.

After dinner they formed, as usual, a semicircle round the fire, with the table in front supported by Mr. Hippy and Sir Telegraph Paxarett.

"Now this," said Sir Telegraph, rubbing his hands, "is what I call devilish comfortable after a cold day's drive—an excellent inn, a superb fire, charming company, and better wine than has fallen to our lot since we left Melincourt Castle."

The waiter had picked up from the conversation at dinner, that one of the destined members for Onevote was in company; and communicated this intelligence to Mr. Sarcastic, who was taking his solitary bottle in another apartment. Mr. Sarcastic sent his compliments to Sir Oran Haut-ton, and hoped he would allow his future colleague the honour

of being admitted to join his party. Mr. Hippy, Mr. Forester, and Sir Telegraph, undertook to answer for Sir Oran, who was silent on the occasion : Mr. Sarcastic was introduced, and took his seat in the semicircle.

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

Your future colleague, Mr. Sarcastic, is *a man of few words;* but he will join in a bumper to your better acquaintance.—*(The collision of glasses ensued between Sir Oran and Mr. Sarcastic.)*

MR. SARCASTIC.

I am proud of the opportunity of this introduction. The day after to-morrow is fixed for the election. I have made some preparations to give a little *éclat* to the affair, and have begun by intoxicating half the city of Novote, so that we shall have a great crowd at the scene of election, whom I intend to ha-

rangue from the hustings, on the great benefits and blessings of virtual representation.

MR. FORESTER.

I shall, perhaps, take the opportunity of addressing them also, but with a different view of the subject.

MR. SARCASTIC.

Perhaps our views of the subject are not radically different, and the variety is in the mode of treatment. In my ordinary intercourse with the world, I reduce practice to theory: it is a habit, I believe, peculiar to myself, and a source of inexhaustible amusement.

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

Fill and explain.

MR. SARCASTIC.

Nothing, you well know, is so rare as the coincidence of theory and practice. A man who "will go through fire and water to serve

a friend" in words, will not give five guineas to save him from famine. A poet will write Odes to Independence, and become the obsequious parasite of any great man who will hire him. A burgess will hold up one hand for purity of election, while the price of his own vote is slily dropped into the other. I need not accumulate instances.

MR. FORESTER.

You would find it difficult, I fear, to adduce many to the contrary.

MR. SARCASTIC.

This then is my system. I ascertain the practice of those I talk to, and present it to them as from myself, in the shape of theory: the consequence of which is, that I am universally stigmatized as a promulgator of rascally doctrines. Thus I said to Sir Oliver Oilcake, "When I get into Parliament I intend to

make the sale of my vote as notorious as the sun at noon-day. I will have no rule of right, but my own pocket. I will support every measure of every administration, even if they ruin half the nation for the purpose of restoring the Great Lama, or of subjecting twenty millions of people to be hanged, drawn, and quartered at the pleasure of the man-milliner of Mahomet's mother. I will have ship-loads of turtle and rivers of Madeira for myself, if I send the whole swinish multitude to draff and husks." Sir Oliver flew into a rage, and swore he would hold no further intercourse with a man who maintained such infamous principles.

MR. HIPPY.

Pleasant enough, to show a man his own picture, and make him damn the ugly rascal.

MR. SARCASTIC.

I said to Miss Pennylove, whom I knew to be *laying herself out* for a *good match*, "When my daughter becomes of marriageable age, I shall commission Christie to put her up to auction, 'the highest bidder to be the buyer; and if any dispute arise between two or more bidders, the lot to be put up again and resold.'" Miss Pennylove professed herself utterly amazed and indignant, that any man, and a father especially, should imagine a scheme so outrageous to the dignity and delicacy of the female mind.

THE HONOURABLE MRS. PINMONEY, AND MISS DANARETTA.

A most horrid idea certainly.

MR. SARCASTIC.

The fact, my dear ladies, the fact: how stands the fact? Miss Pennylove afterwards

married a man old enough to be her grandfather, for no other reason, but because he was rich; and broke the heart of a very worthy friend of mine, to whom she had been previously engaged, who had no fault but the folly of loving her, and was quite rich enough for all purposes of matrimonial happiness. How the dignity and delicacy of such a person could have been affected, if the preliminary negotiation with her hobbling Strephon had been conducted through the instrumentality of honest Christie's hammer, I cannot possibly imagine.

MR. HIPPY.

Nor I, I must say. All the difference is in the form, and not in the fact. It is a pity the form does not come into fashion: it would save a world of trouble.

MR. SARCASTIC.

I irreparably offended the Reverend Doc-

tor Vorax by telling him, that having a nephew, whom I wished to shine in the church, I was on the look-out for a luminous butler, and a cook of solid capacity, under whose joint tuition he might graduate. "Who knows," said I, "but he may immortalize himself at the University, by giving his name to a pudding?" —I lost the acquaintance of Mrs. Cullender, by saying to her, when she had told me a piece of gossip as a very particular secret, that there was nothing so agreeable to me as to be in possession of a secret, for I made a point of telling it to all my acquaintance;

> Intrusted under solemn vows,
> Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,
> To be retailed again in whispers,
> For the easy credulous to disperse *.

* Hudibras: Part III. ii. 1493.

Mrs. Cullender left me in great wrath, protesting she would never again throw away *her* confidence on so leaky a vessel.

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

Ha! ha! ha! Bravo! Come, a bumper to Mrs. Cullender.

MR. SARCASTIC.

With all my heart; and another if you please to Mr. Christopher Corporate, the free, fat, and dependent burgess of Onevote, of which "plural unit" the Honourable Baronet and myself are to be the joint representatives.—*(Sir Oran Haut-ton bowed.)*

MR. HIPPY.

And a third, by all means, to His Grace the Duke of Rottenburgh.

MR. SARCASTIC.

And a fourth, to crown all, to *the blessings*

of virtual representation, which I shall endeavour to impress on as many of the worthy citizens of Novote, as shall think fit to be present the day after to-morrow, at the proceedings of the borough of Onevote.

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

And now for tea and coffee. Touch the bell for the waiter.

The bottles and glasses vanished, and the beautiful array of urns and cups succeeded. Sir Telegraph and Mr. Hippy seceded from the table, and resigned their stations to Mrs. and Miss Pinmoney.

MR. FORESTER.

Your system is sufficiently amusing, but I much question its utility. The object of moral censure is reformation, and its proper vehicle is plain and fearless sincerity: VERBA ANIMI PROFERRE, ET VITAM IMPENDERE VERO.

MR. SARCASTIC.

I tried that in my youth, when I was troubled with the *passion for reforming the world**; of which I have been long cured, by the conviction of the inefficacy of moral theory with respect to producing a practical change in the mass of mankind. Custom is the pillar round which opinion twines, and interest is the tie that binds it. It is not by reason that practical change can be effected, but by making a puncture to the quick in the feelings of personal hope and personal fear. The Reformation in England is one of the supposed triumphs of reason. But if the passions of Henry the Eighth had not been interested in that measure, he would as soon have built mosques as pulled down abbies: and you will observe, that, in all cases, reformation never goes as far as reason requires, but just

* See Forsyth's Principles of Moral Science.

as far as suits the personal interest of those who conduct it. Place Temperance and Bacchus side by side, in an assembly of jolly fellows, and endow the first with the most powerful eloquence that mere reason can give, with the absolute moral force of mathematical demonstration, Bacchus need not take the trouble of refuting one of her arguments; he will only have to say, "Come, my boys; here 's *Damn Temperance* in a bumper," and you may rely on the toast being drank with an unanimous three times three.

(At the sound of the word bumper, *with which Captain Hawltaught had made him very familiar, Sir Oran Haut-ton looked round for his glass, but, finding it vanished, comforted himself with a dish of tea from the fair hand of Miss Danaretta, which, as his friend Mr. Forester had interdicted him from*

the use of sugar, he sweetened as well as he could with a copious infusion of cream.)*

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

As an Opposition orator in the Honourable House will bring forward a long detail of unanswerable arguments, without even expecting that they will have the slightest influence on the vote of the majority.

MR. SARCASTIC.

A reform of that honourable body, if ever it should take place, will be one of the "*triumphs of reason.*" But reason will have little to do with it. All that reason can say on the subject, has been said for years, by men of all parties—while they were *out:* but

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* "Il buvoit du vin, mais le laissoit volontiers pour du lait, du thé, ou d'autres liqueurs douces."—BUFFON *of the Oran Outang, whom he saw himself in Paris.*

the moment they were *in*, the moment their own interest came in contact with their own reason, the victory of interest was never for a moment doubtful. While the great fountain of interest, rising in the caverns of borough patronage and ministerial influence, flowed through the whole body of the kingdom by the channels of paper-money, and loans, and contracts, and jobs, and places either found or made for the useful dealers in secret services, so long the predominant interests of corruption overpowered the true and permanent interests of the country: but as those channels become dry, and they are becoming so with fearful rapidity, the crew of every boat that is left aground are convinced not by reason—that they had long heard and despised—but by the unexpected pressure of personal suffering, that they had been going on in the wrong way. Thus the re-action of inte-

rest takes place; and when the concentrated interests of thousands, combined by the same pressure of personal suffering, shall have created an independent power, greater than the power of the interest of corruption, then, and not till then, the latter will give way, and this will be called the triumph of reason, though, in truth, like all the changes in human society, that have ever taken place from the birth-day of the world, it will be only the triumph of one mode of interest over another: but as the triumph in this case will be of the interest of the many, over that of the few, it is certainly a consummation devoutly to be wished.

MR. FORESTER.

If I should admit that "the hope of personal advantage, and the dread of personal punishment," are the only springs that set the mass of mankind in action, the inefficacy

of reason, and the inutility of moral theory, will by no means follow from the admission. The progress of truth is slow, but its ultimate triumph is secure; though its immediate effects may be rendered almost imperceptible, by the power of habit and interest. If the philosopher cannot reform his own times, he may lay the foundation of amendment in those that follow. Give currency to reason, improve the moral code of society, and the theory of one generation will be the practice of the next. After a certain period of life, and that no very advanced one, men in general become perfectly unpersuadable to all practical purposes. Few philosophers, therefore, I believe, expect to produce much change in the habits of their contemporaries, as Plato proposed to banish from his republic all above the age of ten, and give a good education to the rest.

MR. SARCASTIC.

Or, as Heraclitus the Ephesian proposed to his countrymen, that all above the age of fourteen should hang themselves, before he would consent to give laws to the remainder.

CHAP. XXII.

THE BOROUGH OF ONEVOTE.

The day of election arrived. Mr. Sarcastic's rumoured preparations, and the excellence of the ale which he had broached in the city of Novote, had given a degree of *éclat* to the election for the borough of Onevote, which it had never before possessed; the representatives usually sliding into their nomination with the same silence and decorum with which a solitary spinster slides into her pew at Wednesday or Friday's prayers in a country church. The resemblance holds good also in this respect, that, as the curate addresses the solitary maiden with the appellation of *dearly beloved brethren*, so the representatives always pluralized their solitary elector, by conferring

on him the appellation of *a respectable body of constituents*. Mr. Sarcastic, however, being determined to amuse himself at the expense of this most "venerable *feature*" in our old constitution, as Lord C. calls a rotten borough, had brought Mr. Christopher Corporate into his views, by the adhibition of *persuasion in a tangible shape*. It was generally known in Novote, that something would be going forward at Onevote, though nobody could tell precisely what, except that a long train of brewer's drays had left the city for the borough, in grand procession, on the preceding day, under the escort of a sworn band of special constables, who were to keep guard over the ale all night. This detachment was soon followed by another, under a similar escort, and with similar injunctions: and it was understood that this second expedition of *frothy rhetoric* was sent forth under the auspices of

Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet, the brother candidate of Simon Sarcastic, Esquire, for the representation of the ancient and honourable borough.

The borough of Onevote stood in the middle of a heath, and consisted of a solitary farm, of which the land was so poor and untractable, that it would not have been worth the while of any human being to cultivate it, had not the Duke of Rottenburgh found it very well worth his to pay his tenant for living there, to keep the honourable borough in existence.

Mr. Sarcastic left the city of Novote some hours before his new acquaintance, to superintend his preparations, followed by crowds of persons of all descriptions, pedestrians and equestrians; old ladies in chariots, and young ladies on donkies; the farmer on his hunter, and the tailor on his hack; the grocer and his

family six in a chaise; the dancing-master in his tilbury; the banker in his tandem; mantua-makers and servant-maids twenty-four in the waggon, fitted up for the occasion with a canopy of evergreens; pastry-cooks, men-milliners, and journeymen tailors, by the stage, running for that day only, six inside and fourteen out; the sallow artizan emerging from the cellar or the furnace, to freshen himself with the pure breezes of Onevote Heath; the bumpkin in his laced boots and Sunday coat, trudging through the dust with his cherry-cheeked lass on his elbow; the gentleman coachman on his box, with his painted charmer by his side; the lean curate on his half-starved Rosinante; the plump bishop setting an example of Christian humility in his carriage and six; the doctor on his white horse, like Death in the Revelations; and the lawyer on his black one, like the devil in the Wild Huntsmen.

Almost in the rear of this motley cavalcade went the barouche of Sir Telegraph Paxarett, and rolled up to the scene of action amidst the shouts of the multitude.

The heath had very much the appearance of a race ground; with booths and stalls, the voices of pie-men and apple-women, the grinding of barrel organs, the scraping of fiddles, the squeaking of ballad-singers, the chirping of corkscrews, the vociferations of ale-drinkers, the cries of the "last dying speeches of desperate malefactors," and of "The History and Antiquities of the honourable Borough of Onevote, a full and circumstantial account, all in half a sheet, for the price of one halfpenny!"

The hustings were erected in proper form, and immediately opposite to them was an enormous marquee with a small opening in front, in which was seated the important person of Mr. Christopher Corporate, with a tan-

kard of ale and a pipe. The ladies remained in the barouche under the care of Sir Telegraph and Mr. Hippy. Mr. Forester, Mr. Fax, and Sir Oran Haut-ton, joined Mr. Sarcastic on the hustings.

Mr. Sarcastic stepped forward amidst the shouts of the assembled crowd, and addressed Mr. Christopher Corporate:

"Free, fat, and dependent burgess of this ancient and honourable borough! I stand forward an unworthy candidate, to be the representative of so important a personage, who comprises in himself a three hundredth part of the whole elective capacity of this extensive empire. For if the whole population be estimated at eleven millions, with what awe and veneration must I look on one, who is, as it were, the abstract and quintessence of thirty-three thousand six hundred and sixty-six people! The voice of Stentor was like the

voice of fifty, and the voice of Harry Gill * was like the voice of three; but what are these to the voice of Mr. Christopher Corporate, which gives utterance in one breath to the concentrated power of thirty-three thousand six hundred and sixty-six voices? Of such an one it may indeed be said, that *he is himself an host*, and that *none but himself can be his parallel.*

"Most potent, grave, and reverend signor! it is usual on these occasions to make a great vapouring about honour and conscience: but as those words are now generally acknowledged to be utterly destitute of meaning, I have too much respect for your understanding to say any thing about them. The *monied interest*, Mr. Corporate, for which you are as illustrious *as the sun at noon-day*, is the great

* See Mr. Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads.

point of connexion and sympathy between us: and no circumstances can throw a *wet blanket* on the ardour of our reciprocal esteem, while the *fundamental feature* of our mutual interests presents itself to us in so *tangible a shape* *. How high a value I set upon your voice, you may judge by the price I have paid for half of it: which, indeed, deeply lodged as my feelings are in my pocket, I yet see no reason to regret, since you will thus confer on mine, a transmutable and marketable value, which I trust with proper management will leave me no loser by the bargain."

"Huzza!" said Mr. Corporate.

"People of the city of Novote!" proceeded Mr. Sarcastic, "some of you, I am informed, consider yourselves aggrieved, that,

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* The figures of speech marked in Italics are familiar to the admirers of parliamentary rhetoric.

while your large and populous city has no share whatever in the formation of the Honourable House, the *plural unity* of Mr. Christopher Corporate should be invested with the privilege of double representation. But, gentlemen, representation is of two kinds, actual, and virtual: an important distinction, and of great political consequence.

"The Honourable Baronet and myself being the actual representatives of the fat burgess of Onevote, shall be the virtual representatives of the worthy citizens of Novote; and you may rely on it, gentlemen, *(with his hand on his heart,)* we shall always be deeply attentive to your interests, when they happen, as no doubt they sometimes will, to be perfectly compatible with our own.

"A member of Parliament, gentlemen, to speak to you in your own phrase, is a sort of

staple commodity, manufactured for home consumption. Much has been said of the improvement of machinery in the present age, by which one man may do the work of a dozen. If this be admirable, and admirable it is acknowledged to be by all the civilized world, how much more admirable is the improvement of political machinery, by which one man does the work of thirty thousand! I am sure, I need not say another word to a great manufacturing population like the inhabitants of the city of Novote, to convince them of the beauty and utility of this most luminous arrangement.

"The duty of a representative of the people, whether actual or virtual, is simply *to tax.* Now this important branch of public business is much more easily and expeditiously transacted by the means of virtual, than it

possibly could be by that of actual representation. For when the minister draws up his scheme of ways and means, he will do it with much more celerity and confidence, when he knows that the propitious countenance of virtual representation will never cease to smile upon him as long as he continues in place, than if he had to encounter the doubtful aspect of actual representation, which might, perhaps, look black on some of his favourite projects, thereby greatly impeding the distribution of secret service money at home, and placing foreign legitimacy in a very awkward predicament. The carriage of the state would then be like a chariot in a forest, turning to the left for a troublesome thorn, and to the right for a sturdy oak; whereas it now rolls forward like the car of Jaggernaut over the plain, crushing whatever offers to impede its way.

"The constitution says that no man shall be taxed but by his own consent: a very plausible theory, gentlemen, but not reducible to practice. Who will apply a lancet to his own arm, and bleed himself? Very few, you acknowledge. Who then, *à fortiori*, would apply a lancet to his own pocket, and draw off what is dearer to him than his blood—his money? Fewer still of course: I humbly opine, none. —What then remains but to appoint a royal college of state surgeons, who may operate on the patient according to their views of his case? Taxation is political phlebotomy: the Honourable House is, figuratively speaking, a royal college of state surgeons. A good surgeon must have firm nerves and a steady hand; and, perhaps, the less feeling the better. Now, it is manifest, that, as all feeling is founded on sympathy, the fewer constituents a representative has, the less must be his sym-

pathy with the public, and the less, of course, as is desirable, his feeling for his patient—the people:—who, therefore, with so much *sang-froid*, can phlebotomize the nation, as the representative of half an elector?

"Gentlemen, as long as a *full Gazette* is pleasant to the *quidnunc;* as long as an empty purse is delightful to the spendthrift; as long as the cry of *Question* is a satisfactory *answer* to an argument, and to outvote reason, is to refute it; as long as the way to pay old debts is to incur new ones of five times the amount; as long as the grand recipes of political health and longevity are *bleeding* and *hot water*—so long must you rejoice in the privileges of Mr. Christopher Corporate, so long must you acknowledge, from the very bottom of your pockets, the benefits and blessings of *virtual representation.*"

This harangue was received with great applause, acclamations rent the air, and ale flowed in torrents. Mr. Forester declined speaking, and the party on the hustings proceeded to business. Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet, and Simon Sarcastic, Esquire, were nominated in form. Mr. Christopher Corporate held up both his hands, with his tankard in one, and his pipe in the other: and neither poll nor scrutiny being demanded, the two candidates were pronounced duly elected, as representatives of the ancient and honourable borough of Onevote.

The shouts were renewed: the ale flowed rapidly: the pipe and tankard of Mr. Corporate were replenished. Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet, M. P. bowed gracefully to the people with his hand on his heart.

A cry was now raised of "Chair 'em!

chair 'em!" when Mr. Sarcastic again stepped forward.

"Gentlemen!" said he, "a slight difficulty opposes itself to the honour you would confer on us. The members should, according to form, be chaired by their electors: and how can one elector, great man as he is, chair two representatives? But to obviate this dilemma as well as circumstances admit, I move that the 'large body corporate of one' whom the Honourable Baronet and myself have the honour to represent, do resolve himself into a committee."

He had no sooner spoken, than the marquee opened, and a number of bulky personages, all in dress, aspect, size, and figure, very exact resemblances of Mr. Christopher Corporate, each with his pipe and his tankard, emerged into daylight, who encircling their venerable prototype, lifted their tan-

kards high in air, and pronounced with Stentorian symphony, "HAIL, PLURAL UNIT!" Then, after a simultaneous draught, throwing away their pipes and tankards, for which the mob immediately scrambled, they raised on high two magnificent chairs, and prepared to carry into effect the last ceremony of the election. The party on the hustings descended. Mr. Sarcastic stepped into his chair; and his part of the procession, headed by Mr. Christopher Corporate, and surrounded by a multiform and many-coloured crowd, moved slowly off towards the city of Novote, amidst the undistinguishable clamour of multitudinous voices.

Sir Oran Haut-ton watched the progress of his precursor, as his chair rolled and swayed over the sea of heads, like a boat with one mast on a stormy ocean; and the more he watched the agitation of its movements, the

more his countenance gave indications of strong dislike to the process: so that when his seat in the second chair was offered to him, he with a very polite bow declined the honour. The party that was to carry him, thinking that his repugnance arose entirely from diffidence, proceeded with gentle force to overcome his scruples, when not precisely penetrating their motives, and indignant at this attempt to violate the freedom of the natural man, he seized a stick from a sturdy farmer at his elbow, and began to lay about him with great vigour and effect. Those who escaped being knocked down by the first sweep of his weapon, ran away with all their might, but were soon checked by the pressure of the crowd, who hearing the noise of conflict, and impatient to ascertain the cause, bore down from all points upon a common centre, and formed a circumferential pressure that effectually pro-

hibited the egress of those within; and they in their turn, in their eagerness to escape from Sir Oran (who, like Artegall's Iron Man, or like Ajax among the Trojans, or like Rhodomont in Paris, or like Orlando among the soldiers of Agramant, kept clearing for himself an ample space, in the midst of the encircling crowd), waged desperate conflict with those without; so that from the equal and opposite action of the centripetal and centrifugal forces, resulted a stationary combat, raging between the circumferences of two concentric circles, with barbaric dissonance of deadly feud, and infinite variety of oath and execration, till Sir Oran, charging desperately along one of the radii, fought a free passage through all opposition; and rushing to the barouche of Sir Telegraph Paxarett, sprang to his old station on the box, from whence he shook his sapling at the foe, with looks of mortal defiance. Mr. Fo-

rester, who had been forcibly parted from him at the commencement of the strife, and had been all anxiety on his account, mounted with great alacrity to his station on the roof: the rest of the party was already seated: the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney, half-fainting with terror, earnestly entreated Sir Telegraph to fly: Sir Telegraph cracked his whip: the horses sprang forward like racers: the wheels went round like the wheels of a firework. The tumult of battle lessening as they receded, came wafted to them on the wings of the wind: for the flame of discord having been once kindled, was not extinguished by the departure of its first flambeau—Sir Oran; but war raged wide and far, here in the thickest mass of central fight, there in the light skirmishing of flying detachments. The hustings were demolished, and the beams and planks turned into offensive weapons: the booths were

torn to pieces, and the canvass converted into flags floating over the heads of magnanimous heroes that rushed to revenge they knew not what, in deadly battle with they knew not whom. The stalls and barrows were upset; and the pears, apples, oranges, mutton-pies, and masses of gingerbread, flew like missiles of fate in all directions. The *sanctum sanctorum* of the ale was broken into, and the guardians of the Hesperian liquor were put to ignominious rout. Hats and wigs were hurled into the air, never to return to the heads from which they had suffered violent divorce. The collision of sticks, the ringing of empty ale-casks, the shrieks of women, and the vociferations of combatants, mingled in one deepening and indescribable tumult: till at length, every thing else being levelled with the heath, they turned the mingled torrent of their wrath on the cottage of Mr. Corporate, to

which they triumphantly set fire, and danced round the blaze, like a rabble of village boys round the effigy of the immortal Guy. In a few minutes the ancient and honourable borough of Onevote was reduced to ashes: but we have the satisfaction to state that it was rebuilt a few days afterwards, at the joint expense of its two representatives, and His Grace the Duke of Rottenburgh.

CHAP. XXIII.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

The compassionate reader will perhaps sympathize in our anxiety, to take one peep at Lord Anophel Achthar and the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub, whom we left perched on the summit of the rock, where Sir Oran had placed them, looking at each other as ruefully as Hudibras and Ralpho in their "wooden bastile," and falling by degrees into as knotty an argument, the *quæritur* of which was, how to descend from their elevation—an exploit which to them seemed replete with danger and difficulty. Lord Anophel, having, for the first time in his life, been made acquainted with the salutary effects of manual discipline, sate boiling with wrath and revenge; while

the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub, who in his youthful days had been beaten black and blue in the capacity of *fag* (a practice which reflects so much honour on our public seminaries), bore the infliction with more humility.

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR, *(rubbing his shoulder.)*

This is all your doing, Grovelgrub—all your fault, curse me!

THE REVEREND MR. GROVELGRUB.

Oh, my Lord! my intention was good, though the catastrophe is ill. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR.

But the battle was to the strong in this instance, Grovelgrub, curse me! though, from the speed with which you began to run off on

the first alarm, it was no fault of yours that the race was not to the swift.

THE REVEREND MR. GROVELGRUB.

I must do your Lordship the justice to say, that you too started with a degree of celerity highly creditable to your capacity of natural locomotion; and if that ugly monster, the dumb Baronet, had not knocked us both down in the incipiency of our progression——

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR.

We should have escaped as our two rascals did, who shall bitterly rue their dereliction. But as to the dumb Baronet, who has treated me with gross impertinence on various occasions, I shall certainly call him out, to give me the satisfaction of a gentleman.

THE REVEREND MR. GROVELGRUB.

Oh, my Lord,

Though with pistols 't is the fashion,
To satisfy your passion;
Yet where 's the satisfaction,
If you perish in the action?

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR.

One of us must perish, Grovelgrub, 'pon honour. Death or revenge! We 're blown, Grovelgrub. He took off our masks; and though he can't speak, he can write, no doubt, and read, too, as I shall try with a challenge.

THE REVEREND MR. GROVELGRUB.

Can't speak, my Lord, is by no means clear. Won't speak, perhaps: none are so dumb as those who won't speak. Don't you think, my Lord, there was a sort of melancholy about him—a kind of sullenness? Crossed in love I suspect. People crossed in love, Saint Chrysostom says, lose their voice.

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR.

Then I wish you were crossed in love, Grovelgrub, with all my heart.

THE REVEREND MR. GROVELGRUB.

Nay, my Lord, what so sweet in calamity as the voice of the spiritual comforter? All shall be well yet, my Lord. I have an infallible project hatching here: Miss Melincourt shall be ensconced in Alga Castle, and then the day is our own.

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR.

Grovelgrub, you know the old receipt for stewing a carp: "First, catch your carp."

THE REVEREND MR. GROVELGRUB.

Your Lordship is pleased to be facetious: but if the carp be not caught, let me be devilled like a biscuit after the second bottle, or

a turkey's leg at a twelfth night supper. The carp shall be caught.

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR.

Well, Grovelgrub, only take notice that I 'll not come again within ten miles of dummy.

THE REVEREND MR. GROVELGRUB.

You may rely upon it, my Lord, I shall always know my distance from the Honourable Baronet. But my plot is a good plot, and cannot fail of success.

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR.

You are a very skilful contriver, to be sure: this is your contrivance, our perch on the top of this rock. Now contrive, if you can, some way of getting to the bottom of it.

THE REVEREND MR. GROVELGRUB.

My Lord, there is a passage in Æschylus,

very applicable to our situation, where the chorus wishes to be in precisely such a place.

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR.

Then I wish the chorus were here instead of us, Grovelgrub, with all my soul.

THE REVEREND MR. GROVELGRUB.

It is a very fine passage, my Lord, and worth your attention: the rock is described as

λισσας αιγιλιψ απροσδεικτος
οιοφρων ερημας γυπιας πετρα,
βαθυ πτωμα μαρτυρουσα μοι*.

That is, my Lord, a precipitous rock, inaccessible to the goat—not to be pointed at (from having, as I take it, its head in the clouds), where there is the loneliness of mind, and the

* Supplices. 807. Ed. Schutz.

olitude of desolation, where the vulture has its nest, and the precipice testifies a deep and headlong fall.

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR.

I 'll tell you what, Grovelgrub; if ever I catch you quoting Æschylus again, I 'll cashier you from your tutorship—that 's positive.

THE REVEREND MR. GROVELGRUB.

I am dumb, my Lord.

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR.

Think, I tell you, of some way of getting down.

THE REVEREND MR. GROVELGRUB.

Nothing more easy, my Lord.

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR.

Plummet fashion, I suppose?

THE REVEREND MR. GROVELGRUB.

Why, as your Lordship seems to hint, that certainly is the most expeditious method; but not, I think, in all points of view, the most advisable. On this side of the rock is a *dumetum:* we can descend, I think, by the help of the roots and shoots. O dear! I shall be like Virgil's goat: I shall be seen from far to hang from the bushy rock, *Dumosâ pendere procul de rupe videbor!*

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR.

Confound your Greek and Latin! you know there is nothing I hate so much; and I thought you did so too, or you have *finished* your *education* to no purpose at college.

THE REVEREND MR. GROVELGRUB.

I do, my Lord: I hate them mortally, more than any thing except philosophy and the dumb Baronet.

Lord Anophel Achthar proceeded to examine the side of the rock to which the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub had called his attention; and as it seemed the most practicable mode of descent, it was resolved to submit to necessity, and make a valorous effort to regain the valley; Lord Anophel, however, insisting on the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub leading the way. The Reverend gentleman seized with one hand the stem of a hazel, with the other the branch of an ash; set one foot on the root of an oak, and deliberately lowered the other in search of a resting-place; which having found on a projecting point of stone, he cautiously disengaged one hand and the upper foot, for which in turn he sought and found a firm *appui;* and thus by little and little he vanished among the boughs from the sight of Lord Anophel, who proceeded with great circumspection to follow his example.

Lord Anophel had descended about one third of the elevation, comforting his ear with the rustling of the boughs below, that announced the safe progress of his reverend precursor: when suddenly, as he was shifting his right hand, a treacherous twig in his left gave way, and he fell with fearful lapse from bush to bush, till, striking violently on a bough to which the unfortunate divine was appended, it broke beneath the shock, and down they went, crashing through the bushes together. Lord Anophel was soon wedged into the middle of a large holly, from which he heard the intermitted sound of the boughs as they broke, and were broken by, the fall of his companion: till at length they ceased, and fearful silence succeeded. He then extricated himself from the holly as well as he could, at the expense of a scratched face, and lowered himself down without further accident. On

reaching the bottom, he had the pleasure to find the reverend gentleman in safety, sitting on a fragment of stone, and rubbing his shin. "Come, Grovelgrub," said Lord Anophel, "let us make the best of our way to the nearest inn."—"And pour oil and wine into our wounds," pursued the reverend gentleman, "and over our Madeira and walnuts lay a more hopeful scheme for our next campaign."

CHAP. XXIV.

THE BAROUCHE.

The morning after the election Sir Oran Haut-ton and his party took leave of Mr. Sarcastic, Mr. Forester having previously obtained from him a promise to be present at the Anti-saccharine fête. The barouche left the city of Novote, decorated with ribands: Sir Oran Haut-ton was loudly cheered by the populace, and not least by those whom he had most severely beaten; the secret of which was, that a double allowance of ale had been distributed over-night, to wash away the effects of his indiscretion: it having been ascertained by political economists, that a practical appeal either to the palm or the palate, will induce

the friends of *things as they are* to submit to any thing.

Autumn was now touching on the confines of winter, but the day was mild and sunny. Sir Telegraph asked Mr. Forester, if he did not think the mode of locomotion very agreeable?

MR. FORESTER.

That I never denied: all I question is, the right of any individual to indulge himself in it.

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

Surely a man has a right to do what he pleases with his own money.

MR. FORESTER.

A legal right, certainly, not a moral one. The possession of power does not justify its abuse. The quantity of money in a nation, the quantity of food, and the number of ani-

mals that consume that food, maintain a triangular harmony, of which, in all the fluctuations of time and circumstance, the proportions are always the same. You must consider, therefore, that for every horse you keep for pleasure, you pass sentence of non-existence on two human beings.

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

Really, Forester, you are a very singular fellow. I should not much mind what you say, if you had not such a strange habit of practising what you preach; a thing quite unprecedented, and, egad, preposterous. I cannot think where you got it: I am sure you did not learn it at college.

MR. FAX.

In a political light, every object of perception may be resolved into one of these three heads: the food consumed—the con-

sumers—and money. In this point of view all convertible property that does not eat and drink, is money. Diamonds are money. When a man changes a bank-note for a diamond, he merely changes one sort of money for another, differing only in the facility of circulation and the stability of value. None of the produce of the earth is wasted by the permutation.

MR. FORESTER.

The most pernicious species of luxury, therefore, is that which applies the fruits of the earth to any other purposes than those of human subsistence. All luxury is indeed pernicious, because its infallible tendency is to enervate the few, and enslave the many: but luxury, which, in addition to this evil tendency, destroys the fruits of the earth in the wantonness of idle ostentation, and thereby prevents the existence of so many

human beings, as the quantity of food so destroyed would maintain, is marked by criminality of a much deeper die.

MR. FAX.

At the same time you must consider, that, in respect of population, the great desideratum is not number, but quality. If the whole surface of this country were divided into gardens, and in every garden were a cottage, and in every cottage a family living entirely on potatoes, the number of its human inhabitants would be much greater than at present: but where would be the spirit of commercial enterprise, the researches of science, the exalted pursuits of philosophical leisure, the communication with distant lands, and all that variety of human life and intercourse, which is now so beautiful and so interesting? Above all, where would be the refuge of such a popu-

lation in times of the slightest defalcation? Now, the waste of plenty is the resource of scarcity. The canal that does not overflow in the season of rain, will not be navigable in the season of drought. The rich have been often ready, in days of emergency, to lay their superfluities aside; but when the fruits of the earth are applied, in plentiful or even ordinary seasons, to the utmost possibility of human subsistence, the days of deficiency in their produce, must be days of inevitable famine.

MR. FORESTER.

What then will you say of those, who, in times of actual famine, persevere in their old course, in the wanton waste of luxury?

MR. FAX.

Truly I have nothing to say for them, but that they know not what they do.

MR. FORESTER.

If, in any form of human society, any one human being dies of hunger, while another wastes or consumes in the wantonness of vanity, as much as would have preserved his existence, I hold that second man guilty of the death of the first.

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

Surely, Forester, you are not serious?

MR. FORESTER.

Indeed I am. What would you think of a family of four persons, two of whom should not be contented with consuming their own share of diurnal provision, but, having adventitiously the pre-eminence of physical power, should either throw the share of the two others into the fire, or stew it down into a condiment for their own?

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

I should think it very abominable, certainly.

MR. FORESTER.

Yet what is human society, but one great family? What is moral duty, but that precise line of conduct which tends to promote the greatest degree of general happiness? And is not this duty most flagrantly violated, when one man appropriates to himself the subsistence of twelve; while, perhaps, in his immediate neighbourhood, eleven of his fellow-beings are dying with hunger? I have seen such a man walk with a demure face into church, as regularly as if the Sunday bell had been a portion of his corporeal mechanism, to hear a bloated and beneficed sensualist hold forth on the text of *Do as ye would be done by*, or, *Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my*

brethren, ye have done it unto me: whereas, if he had wished his theory to coincide with his practice, he would have chosen for his text, *Behold a man gluttonous and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners* *: and when the duty of words was over, the auditor and his ghostly adviser, issuing forth together, have committed poor Lazarus to the care of Providence, and proceeded to feast in the lordly mansion, like Dives that lived in purple †.

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* Matthew, xi. 19.

† "He that will mould a modern bishop into a primitive, must yield him to be elected by the popular voice, undiocesed, unrevenued, unlorded, and leave him nothing but brotherly equality, matchless temperance, frequent fasting, incessant prayer and preaching, continual watchings and labours in his ministry, which, what a rich booty it would be, what a plump endowment to the many-benefice-gaping mouth of a prelate, what a relish it would give to his canary-sucking and swan-eating palate, let old bishop Mountain judge for me.—They beseech us, that we would think them fit to be

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

Well, Forester, there I escape your shaft; for I have "forgotten what the inside of a church is made of" since they made me go to chapel twice a day at college. But go on, and don't spare *me*.

MR. FAX.

Let us suppose that ten thousand quarters of wheat will maintain ten thousand persons during any given portion of time: if the ten thousand quarters be reduced to five, or if the ten thousand persons be increased to twenty, the consequence will be immediate and general distress: yet if the proportions be equally dis-

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our justices of peace, our lords, our highest officers of state, though they come furnished with no more knowledge than they learnt between the cook and the manciple, or more profoundly at the college audit, or the regent house, or to come to their deepest insight, at their patron's table."—MILTON: *Of Reformation in England.*

tributed, as in a ship on short allowance, the general perception of necessity and justice will preserve general patience and mutual good-will: but let the first supposition remain unaltered, let there be ten thousand quarters of wheat, which shall be full allowance for ten thousand people; then, if four thousand persons take to themselves the portion of eight thousand, and leave to the remaining six thousand the portion of two (and this I fear is even an inadequate picture of the common practice of the world); these latter will be in a much worse condition on the last, than on the first supposition: while the habit of selfish prodigality deadening all good feelings and extinguishing all sympathy on the one hand, and the habit of debasement and suffering combining with the inevitable sense of oppression and injustice on the other, will produce an action and re-action of open, unblushing, cold-hearted pride, and servile, ineffi-

cient, ill-disguised resentment, which no philanthropist can contemplate without dismay.

MR. FORESTER.

What then will be the case if the same disproportionate division continues by regular gradations through the remaining six thousand, till the lowest thousand receive such a fractional pittance as will scarcely keep life together? If any of these perish with hunger, what are they but the victims of the first four thousand, who appropriated more to themselves than either nature required or justice allowed? This, whatever the temporizers with the world may say of it, I have no hesitation in pronouncing to be wickedness of the most atrocious kind: and this I make no doubt was the sense of the founder of the Christian religion when he said, *It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle,*

than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

MR. FAX.

You must beware of the chimæra of an agrarian law, the revolutionary doctrine of an equality of possession: which can never be possible in practice, till the whole constitution of human nature be changed.

MR. FORESTER.

I am no revolutionist. I am no advocate for violent and arbitrary changes in the state of society. I care not in what proportions property is divided (though I think there are certain limits which it ought never to pass, and approve the wisdom of the American laws in restricting the fortune of a private citizen to twenty thousand a year), provided the rich can be made to know that they are but the stewards of the poor, that they are

not to be the monopolizers of solitary spoil, but the distributors of general possession; that they are responsible for that distribution to every principle of general justice, to every tie of moral obligation, to every feeling of human sympathy: that they are bound to cultivate simple habits in themselves, and to encourage most such arts of industry and peace, as are most compatible with the health and liberty of others.

MR. FAX.

On this principle, then, any species of luxury in the artificial adornment of persons and dwellings, which condemns the artificer to a life of pain and sickness in the alternations of the furnace and the cellar, is more baleful and more criminal, than even that which consuming in idle prodigality the fruits of the earth, destroys altogether in the proportion of

its waste, so much of the possibility of human existence: since it is better not to be, than to be in misery.

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

That is some consolation for me, as it shows me that there are others worse than myself: for I really thought you were going, between you, to prove me one of the greatest rogues in England. But seriously, Forester, you think the keeping of pleasure-horses, for the reasons you have given, a selfish and criminal species of luxury?

MR. FORESTER.

I am so far persuaded of it, that I keep none myself*.

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

But are not these four very beautiful crea-

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* See Vol. I. page 156.

tures? Would you wish not to see them in existence, living, as they do, a very happy and easy kind of life?

MR. FORESTER.

That I am disposed to question, when I compare the wild horse in his native deserts, in the full enjoyment of health, and liberty, and all the energies of his nature, with those docked, cropped, curtailed, mutilated animals, pent more than half their lives in the close confinement of a stable, never let out but to run in trammels, subject, like their tyrant man, to an infinite variety of diseases, the produce of civilization and unnatural life, and tortured every now and then by some villain of a farrier, who has no more feeling for them than a West Indian planter has for his slaves; and when you consider, too, the fate of the most cherished of the species, racers and

hunters, instruments and often victims of sports equally foolish and cruel, you will acknowledge that the life of the civilized horse is not an enviable destiny.

MR. FAX.

Horses are noble and useful animals; but as they must necessarily exist in great numbers for almost every purpose of human intercourse and business, it is desirable that none should be kept for purposes of mere idleness and ostentation. A pleasure-horse is a sort of four-footed sinecurist.

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

Not quite so mischievous as a two-footed one.

MR. FORESTER.

Perhaps not: but the latter has always a large retinue of the former, and therefore the evil is doubled.

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

Upon my word, Forester, you will almost talk me out of my barouche, and then what will become of me? What shall I do to kill time?

MR. FORESTER.

Read ancient books, the only source of permanent happiness left in this degenerate world.

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

Read ancient books! That may be very good advice to some people: but you forget that I have been at college, and *finished* my *education*. By the by, I have one inside, a portable advocate for my proceedings, no less a personage than old Pindar.

MR. FORESTER.

Pindar has written very fine odes on driving, as Anacreon has done on drinking; but

the first can no more be adduced to prove the morality of the whip, than the second to demonstrate the virtue of intemperance. Besides, as to the mental tendency and emulative associations of the pursuit itself, no comparison can be instituted between the charioteers of the Olympic games, and those of our turnpike roads; for the former were the emulators of heroes and demigods, and the latter of grooms and mail-coachmen.

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

Well, Forester, as I recall to mind the various subjects against which I have heard you declaim, I will make you a promise. When ecclesiastical dignitaries imitate the temperance and humility of the founder of that religion by which they feed and flourish: when the man in place acts on the principles which he professed while he was out: when

borough-electors will not sell their suffrage, nor their representatives their votes: when poets are not to be hired for the maintenance of any opinion: when learned divines can afford to have a conscience: when universities are not a hundred years in knowledge behind all the rest of the world: when young ladies speak as they think, and when those who shudder at a tale of the horrors of slavery will deprive their own palates of a sweet taste, for the purpose of contributing all in their power to its extinction:—why then, Forester, I will lay down my barouche.

CHAP. XXV.

THE WALK.

They were to pass, in their return, through an estate belonging to Mr. Forester, for the purpose of taking up his aunt Miss Evergreen, who was to accompany them to Red-rose Abbey. On arriving at an inn on the nearest point of the great road, Mr. Forester told Sir Telegraph, that, from the arrangements he had made, it was impossible for any carriage to enter his estate, as he had taken every precaution for preserving the simplicity of his tenants from the contagious exhibitions and examples of luxury. "This road," said he, "is only accessible to pedestrians and equestrians: I have no wish to exclude the visits of laudable curiosity, but there is no-

thing I so much dread and deprecate as the intrusion of those heartless fops, who take their fashionable autumnal tour, to gape at rocks and waterfalls, for which they have neither eyes nor ears, and to pervert the feelings and habits of the once simple dwellers of the mountains *. Nature seems to have raised

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* "Much have those travellers to answer for, whose casual intercourse with this innocent and simple people tends to corrupt them; disseminating among them ideas of extravagance and dissipation—giving them a taste for pleasures and gratifications of which they had no ideas—inspiring them with discontent at home—and tainting their rough industrious manners with idleness and a thirst after dishonest means.

"If travellers would frequent this country, with a view to examine its grandeur and beauty, or to explore its varied and curious regions with the eye of philosophy — if, in their passage through it, they could be content with such fare as the country produces, or at least reconcile themselves to it, by manly exercise and fatigue (for there is a time when the stomach and the plainest food will be found in perfect harmony)—if they could thus, instead of corrupting the manners of an innocent people, learn to amend their own, by seeing in how narrow a compass the wants of human life may be compressed—a journey through these wild scenes

her mountain-barriers for the purpose of rescuing a few favoured mortals from the vortex of that torrent of physical and moral degeneracy, which seems to threaten nothing less than the extermination of the human

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might be attended, perhaps, with more improvement than a journey to Rome or Paris. Where manners are polished into vicious refinement, simplifying is the best mode of improving; and the example of innocence is a more instructive lesson than any that can be taught by artists and literati.

"But these parts are too often the resort of gay company, who are under no impressions of this kind—who have no ideas but of extending the sphere of their amusements, or of varying a life of dissipation. The grandeur of the country is not taken into the question, or at least it is no otherwise considered than as affording some new mode of pleasurable enjoyment. Thus, even the diversions of Newmarket are introduced—diversions, one would imagine, more foreign to the nature of this country than any other. A number of horses are carried into the middle of the lake in a flat boat: a plug is drawn from the bottom: the boat sinks, and the horses are left floating on the surface. In different directions they make to land, and the horse which arrives soonest secures the prize."—GILPIN's *Picturesque Observations on Cumberland and Westmoreland*, vol. ii. p. 67.

species *: but in vain, while the annual opening of its sluices lets out a side stream of the worst specimens of what is called refined society, to inundate the mountain valleys with the corruptions of metropolitan folly. Thus innocence, and health, and simplicity of life and manners, are banished from their last retirement, and no where more lamentably so than in the romantic scenery of the northern lakes, where every wonder of nature is made an article of trade, where the cataracts are locked up, and the echoes are sold: so that even the

* "The necessary consequence of men living in so unnatural a way with respect to houses, clothes, and diet, and continuing to live so for many generations, each generation adding to the vices, diseases, and weaknesses produced by the unnatural life of the preceding, is, that they must gradually decline in strength, health, and longevity, till at length the race dies out. To deny this would be to deny that the life allotted by nature to man is the best life for the preservation of his health and strength; for, if it be so, I think it is demonstration that the constant deviation from it, going on for many centuries, must end in the extinction of the race."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. v. p. 237.

rustic character of that ill-fated region is condemned to participate in the moral stigma which must dwell indelibly on its poetical name."

The party alighted, and a consultation being held, it was resolved to walk to the village in a body, the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney lifting up her hands and eyes in profound astonishment at Mr. Forester's old-fashioned notions.

They followed a narrow winding path, through rocky and sylvan hills. They walked in straggling parties of ones, twos, and threes. Mr. Forester and Anthelia went first. Sir Oran Haut-ton followed alone, playing a pensive tune on his flute. Sir Telegraph Paxarett walked between his aunt and cousin, the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney and Miss Danaretta. Mr. Hippy, in a melancholy vein, brought up the rear with Mr. Fax. A very

beautiful child which had sat on the old gentleman's knee, at the inn where they breakfasted, had thrown him, not for the first time on a similar occasion, into a fit of dismal repentance, that he had not one of his own: he stalked along accordingly, with a most ruefully lengthened aspect, uttering every now and then a deep-drawn sigh. Mr. Fax in philosophic sympathy determined to console him, by pointing out to him the true nature and tendency of the principle of population, and the enormous evils resulting from the multiplication of the human species: observing, that the only true criterion of the happiness of a nation was to be found in the number of its old maids and bachelors, whom he venerated as the sources and symbols of prosperity and peace. Poor Mr. Hippy walked on sighing and groaning, deaf as the adder to the voice of the charmer: for, in spite

of all the eloquence of the antipopulationist, the image of the beautiful child which he had danced on his knee, continued to haunt his imagination, and threatened him with the blue devils for the rest of the day.

" I see," said Sir Telegraph to Mrs. Pinmoney, " my hopes are at an end. Forester is the happy man, though I am by no means sure that he knows it himself."

" Impossible," said Mrs. Pinmoney: " Anthelia may be amused a little while with his rhapsodies, but nothing more, believe me. The man is out of his mind. Do you know, I heard him say the other day, ' that not a shilling of his property was his own, that it was a portion of the general possession of human society, of which the distribution had devolved upon him; and that for the mode of that distribution he was most rigidly respon-

sible to the principles of immutable justice. If such a mode of talking——

"And acting too," said Sir Telegraph; "for I assure you he quadrates his practice as nearly as he can to his theory."

"Monstrous!" said Mrs. Pinmoney: "what would our reverend friend, poor dear Doctor Bosky, say to him? But if such a way of talking and acting be the way to win a young heiress, I shall think the whole world is turned topsy-turvy."

"Your remark would be just," said Sir Telegraph, "were that young heiress any other than Anthelia Melincourt."

"Well," said Mrs. Pinmoney, "there are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far——"

"That I deny," said Sir Telegraph.

"Who will gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar," proceeded Mrs. Pinmoney.

"That will not do," said Sir Telegraph: "I shall resign with the best grace I can muster to a more favoured candidate, but I shall never think of another choice."

"Twelve months hence," said Mrs. Pinmoney, "you will tell another tale. In the mean time you will not die of despair as long as there is a good turnpike road and a pipe of Madeira in England."

"You will find," said Mr. Forester to Anthelia, "in the little valley we are about to enter, a few specimens of that simple and natural life which approaches as nearly as the present state of things will admit, to my ideas of the habits and manners of the primæval agriculturists, or the fathers of the Roman republic. You will think perhaps of Fabricius under his oak, of Curius in his

cottage, of Regulus, when he solicited recall from the command of an army, because the man whom he had intrusted, in his absence, with the cultivation of his field and garden, had run away with his spade and rake, by which his wife and children were left without support; and when the senate decreed that the implements should be replaced, and a man provided at the public expense to maintain the consul's family, by cultivating his fields in his absence. Then poverty was as honourable, as it is now disgraceful: then the same public respect was given to him who could most simplify his habits and manners, that is now paid exclusively to those who can make the most shameless parade of wanton and selfish prodigality. Those days are past for ever: but it is something in the present time to resuscitate their memory, to call up even the shadow of the reflection of repub-

lican Rome—*Rome, the seat of glory and of virtue, if ever they had one on earth* *."

"You excite my curiosity very highly," said Anthelia; "for, from the time when I read

"——in those dear books that first
Woke in my heart the love of poesy,
How with the villagers Erminia dwelt,
And Calidore, for a fair shepherdess,
Forgot his guest to learn the shepherd's lore;"

how much have I regretted never to discover in the actual inhabitants of the country, the realization of the pictures of Spenser and Tasso!"

"The palaces," said Mr. Forester, "that every where rise around them to shame the meanness of their humble dwellings, the great roads that every where intersect their valleys,

* "Rome, le siège de la gloire et de la vertu, si jamais elles en eurent un sur la terre."—ROUSSEAU.

and bring them continually in contact with the overflowing corruption of cities, the devastating monopoly of large farms, that has almost swept the race of cottagers from the face of the earth, sending the parents to the workhouse or the army, and the children to perish like untimely blossoms in the blighting imprisonment of manufactories, have combined to diminish the numbers and deteriorate the character of the inhabitants of the country: but whatever be the increasing ravages of the Triad of Mammon, avarice, luxury, and disease, they will always be the last involved in the vortex of progressive degeneracy, realizing the beautiful fiction of ancient poetry, that, when primæval Justice departed from the earth, her last steps were among the cultivators of the fields *."

* ——extrema per illos
Justitia, excedens terris, vestigia fecit.—VIRG.

CHAP. XXVI.

THE COTTAGERS.

The valley expanded into a spacious amphitheatre, with a beautiful stream winding among pastoral meadows, which, as well as the surrounding hills, were studded with cottages, each with its own trees, its little garden, and its farm. Sir Telegraph was astonished to find so many human dwellings in a space that, on the modern tactics of rural œconomy, appeared only sufficient for three or four *moderate* farms; and Mr. Fax looked perfectly aghast to perceive the principle of population in such a fearful state of activity. Mrs. and Miss Pinmoney expressed their surprise at not seeing a single lordly mansion asserting its regal pre-eminence over the dwellings of its

miserable vassals; while the voices of the children at play served only to condense the vapours that offuscated the imagination of poor Mr. Hippy. Anthelia, as their path wound among the cottages, was more and more delighted with the neatness and comfort of the dwellings, the exquisite order of the gardens, the ingenuous air of happiness and liberty that characterized the simple inhabitants, and the health and beauty of the little rosy children that were sporting in the fields. Mr. Forester had been recognised from a distance. The cottagers ran out in all directions to welcome him: the valley and the hills seemed starting into life, as men, women, and children poured down, as with one impulse, on the path of his approach, while some hastened to the residence of Miss Evergreen, ambitious of being the first to announce to her the arrival of her nephew. Miss Evergreen

came forward to meet the party, surrounded by a rustic crowd of both sexes and of every age, from the old man leaning on his stick, to the little child that could just run alone, but had already learned to attach something magical to the sound of the name of Forester.

The first idea they entertained at the sight of his party was, that he was married, and had brought his bride to visit his little colony; and Anthelia was somewhat disconcerted by the benedictions that were poured upon her under this impression of the warm-hearted rustics.

They entered Miss Evergreen's cottage, which was small, but in a style of beautiful simplicity. Anthelia was much pleased with her countenance and manners; for Miss Evergreen was an amiable and intelligent woman, and was single, not from having wanted lovers,

but from being of that order of minds which can love but once.

Mr. Fax took occasion, during a temporary absence of Miss Evergreen from the apartment in which they were taking refreshment, to say, he was happy to have seen so amiable a specimen of that injured and calumniated class of human beings commonly called old maids, who were often so from possessing in too high a degree the qualities most conducive to domestic happiness; for it might naturally be imagined, that the least refined and delicate minds would be the soonest satisfied in the choice of a partner, and the most ready to repair the loss of a first love by the substitution of a second. This might have led to a discussion, but Miss Evergreen's re-entrance prevented it. They now strolled out among the cottages in detached parties and in different directions. Mr. Fax attached himself to Mr.

Hippy and Miss Evergreen. Anthelia and Mr. Forester went their own way. She was above the little affectation of feeling her *dignity* offended, as our female novel-writers express it, by the notions which the peasants had formed respecting her. "You see," said Mr. Forester, "I have endeavoured as much as possible to recall the images of better times, when the country was well peopled, from the farms being small, and cultivated chiefly by cottagers who lived in what was in Scotland called a *cottar town* *. Now you may go over vast tracts of country without seeing any thing like an *old English cottage*, to say nothing of the fearful difference which has been caused in the interior of the few that remain by the pressure of exorbitant taxation, of which the real, though not the nominal burden always falls

* Ancient Metaphysics, vol. v. book iv. chap. 8.

most heavily on the labouring classes, backed by that *canker at the heart of national prosperity*, the imaginary riches of paper-credit, of which the means are delusion, the progress monopoly, and the ultimate effect the extinction of the best portion of national population, a healthy and industrious peasantry. Large farms bring more rent to the landlord, and, therefore, landlords in general make no scruple to increase their rents by depopulating their estates *, though Anthelia Melincourt will not comprehend the mental principle in which such feelings originate."

"Is it possible," said Anthelia, "that you, so young as you are, can have created such a scene as this?"

"My father," said Mr. Forester, "began what I merely perpetuate. He estimated his

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* Ancient Metaphysics, vol. v. book iv. chap. 8.

riches, not by the amount of rent his estate produced, but the number of simple and happy beings it maintained. He divided it into little farms of such a size as were sufficient, even in indifferent seasons, to produce rather more than the necessities of their cultivators required. So that all these cottagers are rich according to the definition of Socrates * ; for they have at all times a little more than they actually need, a subsidium for age, or sickness, or any accidental necessity."

They entered several of the cottages, and found in them all the same traces of comfort and content, and the same images of the better days of England: the clean-tiled floor, the polished beechen table, the tea-cups on the chimney, the dresser with its glittering dishes, the old woman with her spinning-wheel by the

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* See Xenophon's Memorabilia.

fire, and the old man with his little grandson in the garden, giving him his first lessons in the use of the spade, the goodwife busy in her domestic arrangements, and the pot boiling on the fire for the return of her husband from his labour in the field.

"Is it not astonishing," said Mr. Forester, "that there should be any who think, as I know many do, the number of cottagers on their land a grievance, and desire to be quit of them *, and have no feeling of remorse in allotting to one solitary family as much extent of cultivated land as was ploughed by the whole Roman people in the days of Cincinnatus†? The three great points of every political system are the health, the morals, and the number of the people. Without

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* Ancient Metaphysics, vol. v. book iv. chap. 8.

† Si tantum culti solus possederis agri,
Quantum sub Tatio populus Romanus arabat.—Juv.

health and morals, the people cannot be happy; but without numbers they cannot be a great and powerful nation, nor even exist for any considerable time *. And by numbers I do not mean the inhabitants of the cities, the sordid and sickly victims of commerce, and the effeminate and enervated slaves of luxury; but in estimating the power and the riches of a country I take my only criterion from its agricultural population."

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* Ancient Metaphysics, vol. v. book iv. chap. 8.

CHAP. XXVII.

THE ANTI-SACCHARINE FETE.

Miss Evergreen accompanied them in their return, to preside at the Anti-saccharine fête. Mr. Hippy was turned out to make room for her in the barouche, and took his seat on the roof with Messieurs Forester and Fax. Anthelia no longer deemed it necessary to keep a guard over her heart; the bud of mutual affection between herself and Mr. Forester, both being, as they were, perfectly free and perfectly ingenuous, was rapidly expanding into the full bloom of happiness: they dreamed not that evil was near to check, if not to wither it.

The whole party was prevailed on by Miss Evergreen to be her guests at Redrose Abbey

till after the Anti-saccharine fête, which very shortly took place, and was attended by the principal members of the Anti-saccharine Society, and by an illustrious assemblage from near and from far: amongst the rest by our old acquaintance, Mr. Derrydown, Mr. O'Scarum, Major O'Dogskin, Mr. Sarcastic, the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, and Mr. Feathernest the poet, who brought with him his friend Mr. Vamp the reviewer. Lord Anophel Achthar and the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub deemed it not expedient to join the party, but ensconced themselves in Alga Castle, studying *michin malicho*, which means mischief.

The Anti-saccharine fête commenced with a splendid dinner, as Mr. Forester thought to make luxury on this occasion subservient to morality, by showing what culinary art could effect without the intervention of West Indian produce; and the preparers of the

feast, under the superintendence of Miss Evergreen, had succeeded so well, that the company testified very general satisfaction, except that a worthy Alderman and Baronet from London (who had been studying the picturesque at Low-wood Inn, and had given several manifestations of exquisite taste that had completely won the hearts of Mr. O'Scarum and Major O'Dogskin) having just helped himself to a slice of venison, fell back aghast against the back of his chair, and dropped the knife and fork from his nerveless hands, on finding that currant-jelly was prohibited: but being recovered by an application of the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney's vinaigrette, he proceeded to revenge himself on a very fine pheasant, which he washed down with floods of Madeira, being never at a loss for some one to take wine with him, as he had the good fortune to sit opposite to the Reverend Mr.

Portpipe, who was *toujours prêt* on the occasion, and a *coup-d'œil* between them arranged the whole preliminary of the compotatory ceremonial.

After dinner Mr. Forester addressed the company. They had seen, he said, that culinary luxury could be carried to a great degree of refinement without the intervention of West Indian produce: and though he himself deprecated luxury altogether, yet he would wave that point for the present, and concede a certain degree of it to those who fancied they could not do without it, if they would only in return make so very slight a concession to philanthropy, to justice, to liberty, to every feeling of human sympathy, as to abstain from an indulgence which was obtained by the most atrocious violation of them all, an indulgence of which the foundations were tyranny, robbery, and murder, and

every form of evil, anguish, and oppression, at which humanity shudders; all which were comprehended in the single name of SLAVERY. "Sugar," said he, "is œconomically superfluous, nay, worse than superfluous: in the middling classes of life it is a formidable addition to the expenses of a large family, and for no benefit, for no addition to the stock of domestic comfort, which is often sacrificed in more essential points to this frivolous and wanton indulgence. It is physically pernicious, as its destruction of the teeth, and its effects on the health of children much pampered with sweetmeats, sufficiently demonstrate. It is morally atrocious, from being the primary cause of the most complicated corporeal suffering and the most abject mental degradation that ever outraged the form, and polluted the spirit of man. It is politically abominable, for covering with every variety

of wretchedness some of the fairest portions of the earth, which, if the inhabitants of free countries could be persuaded *to abstain from sugar, till it were sent to them by freemen,* might soon become the abodes of happiness and liberty. Slaves cannot breathe in the air of England: 'They touch our country, and their fetters fall.' Who is there among you that is not proud of this distinction?—Yet this is not enough: the produce of the labour of slavery should be banished from our shores. Not any thing—not an atom of any thing, should enter an Englishman's dwelling, on which the Genius of Liberty had not set his seal. What would become of slavery if there were no consumers of its produce? Yet I have seen a party of pretended philanthropists sitting round a tea-table, and while they dropped the sugar into their cups, repeat some tale of the sufferings of a slave, and execrate the

colonial planters, who are but their caterers and stewards—the obsequious ministers of their unfeeling sensuality! O my fair countrywomen! you who have such tender hearts, such affectionate spirits, such amiable and delicate feelings, do you consider the mass of mischief and cruelty to which you contribute, nay, of which you are among the primary causes, when you indulge yourselves in so paltry, so contemptible a gratification as results from the use of sugar? while to abstain from it entirely, is a privation so trivial, that it is most wonderful to think that Justice and Charity should have such a boon to beg from Beauty in the name of the blood and the tears of human beings. Be not deterred by the idea that you will have few companions by the better way: so much the rather should it be strictly followed by amiable

and benevolent minds *. Secure to yourselves at least the delightful consciousness of reflecting that you are in no way whatever accomplices in the cruelty and crime of slavery, and accomplices in it you certainly are, nay, its very original springs, as long as you are receivers and consumers of its iniquitous acquisitions."

"I will answer you, Mr. Forester," said Mr. Sarcastic, "for myself and the rest of the company. You shock our feelings excessively by calling us the primary causes of slavery; and there are very few among us who have not shuddered at the tales of West Indian cruelty. I assure you we are very liberal of theoretical sympathy; but as to practical abstinence from

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* "Pochi compagni avrai per l'altra via:
Tanto ti prego più, gentile spirto,
Non lasciar la magnanima tua impresa."

PETRARCA.

the use of sugar, do you consider what it is you require? Do you consider how very agreeable to us is the sensation of sweetness in our palates? Do you suppose we would give up that sensation because human creatures of the same flesh and blood as ourselves are oppressed and enslaved, and flogged and tortured, to procure it for us? Do you consider that Custom * is the great lord and master of

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* "If it were seriously asked (and it would be no untimely question), who of all teachers and masters that have ever taught hath drawn the most disciples after him, both in religion and in manners, it might be not untruly answered, Custom. Though Virtue be commended for the most persuasive in her theory, and Conscience in the plain demonstration of the spirit finds most evincing; yet, whether it be the secret of divine will, or the original blindness we are born in, so it happens for the most part, that Custom still is silently received for the best instructor. Except it be because her method is so glib and easy, in some manner like to that vision of Ezekiel, rolling up her sudden book of implicit knowledge, for him that will to take and swallow down at pleasure; which proving but of bad nourishment in the concoction, as it was heedless in the devouring, puffs up un-

our conduct? And do you suppose that any feelings of pity, and sympathy, and charity,

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healthily a certain big face of pretended learning, mistaken among credulous men for the wholesome habit of soundness and good constitution, but is, indeed, no other than that swoln visage of counterfeit knowledge and literature which not only in private mars our education, but also in public is the common climber into every chair where either religion is preached or law reported, filling each estate of life and profession with abject and servile principles, depressing the high and heaven-born spirit of man, far beneath the condition wherein either God created him, or sin hath sunk him. To pursue the allegory, Custom being but a mere face, as Echo is a mere voice, rests not in her unaccomplishment, until by secret inclination she accorporate herself with Error, who being a blind and serpentine body, without a head, willingly accepts what he wants, and supplies what her incompleteness went seeking: hence it is that Error supports Custom, Custom countenances Error, and these two, between them, would persecute and chase away all truth and solid wisdom out of human life, were it not that God, rather than man, once in many ages calls together the prudent and religious counsels of men deputed to repress the encroachments, and to work off the inveterate blots and obscurities wrought upon our minds by the subtle insinuating of Error and Custom, who, with the numerous and vulgar train of their followers, make it their chief design to envy and cry down the

and benevolence, and justice, will overcome the power of Custom, more especially where any pleasure of sense is attached to his dominion? In appealing to our pockets, indeed, you touched us to the quick: you aimed your eloquence at our weak side—you hit us in the vulnerable point; but if it should appear that in this particular we really might save our money, yet being expended in a matter of personal and sensual gratification, it is not to be

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industry of free reasoning, under the terms of humour and innovation, as if the womb of teeming Truth were to be closed up, if she presume to bring forth aught that sorts not with their unchewed notions and suppositions; against which notorious injury and abuse of man's free soul, to testify and oppose the utmost that study and true labour can attain, heretofore the incitement of men reputed grave hath led me among others, and now the duty and the right of an instructed Christian calls me through the chance of good or evil report TO BE THE SOLE ADVOCATE OF A DISCOUNTENANCED TRUTH."—MILTON: *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

supposed so completely lost and wasted as it would be if it were given either to a friend or a stranger in distress. I will admit, however, that you have touched our feelings a little, but this disagreeable impression will soon wear off: with some of us it will last as long as pity for a starving beggar, and with others as long as grief for the death of a friend; and I find, on a very accurate average calculation, that the duration of the former may be considered to be at least three minutes, and that of the latter at most ten days."

"Mr. Sarcastic," said Anthelia, "you do not render justice to the feelings of the company; nor is human nature so selfish and perverted as you seem to consider it. Though there are undoubtedly many who sacrifice the general happiness of human kind to their own selfish gratification, yet even these, I am willing to believe, err not in cruelty

but in ignorance, from not seeing the consequences of their own actions; but it is not by persuading them that all the world is as bad as themselves, that you will give them clearer views and better feelings. Many are the modes of evil—many the scenes of human suffering; but if the general condition of man is ever to be ameliorated, it can only be through the medium of BELIEF IN HUMAN VIRTUE."

"Well, Forester," said Sir Telegraph, "if you wish to increase the numbers of the Anti-saccharine Society, set me down for one."

"Remember," said Mr. Forester, "by enrolling your name among us you pledge yourself to perpetual abstinence from West Indian produce."

"I am aware of it," said Sir Telegraph,

" and you shall find me zealous in the cause."

The fat Alderman cried out about the ruin of commerce, and Mr. Vamp was very hot on the subject of the revenue. The question was warmly canvassed, and many of the party who had not been quite persuaded by what Mr. Forester had said in behalf of the Anti-saccharine system, were perfectly convinced in its favour when they had heard what Mr. Vamp and the fat Alderman had to say against it; and the consequence was, that, in spite of Mr. Sarcastic's opinion of the general selfishness of mankind, the numbers of the Anti-saccharine Society were very considerably augmented.

" You see," said Mr. Fax to Mr. Sarcastic, " the efficacy of associated sympathies. It is but to give an impulse of co-operation

to any good and generous feeling, and its progressive accumulation, like that of an Alpine avalanche, though but a snow-ball at the summit, becomes a mountain in the valley."

CHAP. XXVIII.

THE CHESS DANCE.

The dinner was followed by a ball, for the opening of which Sir Telegraph Paxarett, who officiated as master of the ceremonies, had devised a fanciful scheme, and had procured for the purpose a number of appropriate masquerade dresses. An extensive area in the middle of the ball-room was chalked out into sixty-four squares of alternate white and red, in lines of eight squares each. Sir Telegraph, while the rest of the company was sipping, not without many wry faces, their anti-saccharine tea, called out into another apartment the gentlemen whom he had fixed on to perform in his little ballet; and Miss Evergreen at the same time withdrew with the

intended female performers. Sir Telegraph now invested Mr. Hippy with the dignity of White King, Major O'Dogskin with that of Black King, and the Reverend Mr. Portpipe with that of White Bishop, which the latter hailed as a favourable omen, not precisely comprehending what was going forward. As the reverend gentleman was the only one of his cloth in the company, Sir Telegraph was under the necessity of appointing three lay Bishops, whom he fixed on in the persons of two country squires, Mr. Hermitage and Mr. Heeltap, and of the fat Alderman already mentioned, Sir Gregory Greenmould. Sir Telegraph himself, Mr. O'Scarum, Mr. Derrydown, and Mr. Sarcastic, were the Knights: and the Rooks were Mr. Feathernest the poet; Mr. Paperstamp, another variety of the same genus, chiefly remarkable for an affected infantine lisp in his speech, and

for always wearing waistcoats of duffil grey; Mr. Vamp the Reviewer; and Mr. Killthedead, from Frogmarsh Hall, a great compounder of narcotics, under the denomination of BATTLES, for he never heard of a deadly field, especially if dotage and superstition, to which he was very partial, gained the advantage over generosity and talent, both of which he abhorred, but immediately seizing his goosequill and foolscap,

> He fought the BATTLE o'er again,
> And thrice he slew the slain.

Mr. Feathernest was a little nettled on being told that he was to be the *King's Rook*, but smoothed his wrinkled brow on being assured that no *mauvaise plaisanterie* was intended.

The Kings were accordingly crowned, and attired in regal robes. The Reverend Mr.

Portpipe and his three brother Bishops were arrayed in full canonicals. The Knights were equipped in their white and black armour, with sword, and dazzling helm, and nodding crest. The Rooks were enveloped in a sort of mural robe, with a headpiece formed on the model of that which occurs in the ancient figures of Cybele; and thus attired, they bore a very striking resemblance to the walking wall in Pyramus and Thisbe.

The Kings now led the way to the ball-room, and the two beautiful Queens, Miss Danaretta Contantina Pinmoney, and Miss Celandina Paperstamp, each with eight beautiful Nymphs, arrayed for the mimic field in light Amazonian dresses, white and black, did such instant execution among the hearts of the young gentlemen present, that they might be said to have "fought and conquered ere a sword was drawn."

They now proceeded to their stations on their respective squares; but before we describe their manœuvres, we will recapitulate the

TRIPUDII PERSONÆ.

WHITE.

King . . .	Mr. Hippy.
Queen . . .	Miss Danaretta Contantina Pinmoney.
King's Bishop	The Reverend Mr. Portpipe.
Queen's Bishop	Sir Gregory Greenmould.
King's Knight	Mr. O'Scarum.
Queen's Knight	Sir Telegraph Paxarett.
King's Rook .	Mr. Feathernest.
Queen's Rook .	Mr. Paperstamp.
Eight Nymphs.	

BLACK.

King	Major O'Dogskin.
Queen . . .	Miss Celandina Paperstamp.
King's Bishop .	Squire Hermitage.

Queen's Bishop	Squire Heeltap.
King's Knight	Mr. Sarcastic.
Queen's Knight	Mr. Derrydown.
King's Rook .	Mr. Killthedead.
Queen's Rook .	Mr. Vamp.
Eight Nymphs.	

Mr. Hippy took his station on a black square, near the centre of one of the extreme lines, and Major O'Dogskin on an opposite white square of the parallel extreme. The Queens, who were to command in chief, stood on the left of the Kings: the Bishops were posted to the right and left of their respective Sovereigns; the Knights next to the Bishops; the corners were occupied by the Rooks. The two lines in front of these principal personages were occupied by the Nymphs; —a space of four lines of eight squares each being left between the opposite parties for the field of action.

The array was now complete, with the exception of the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, who being called by Miss Danaretta to take his place at the right hand of Mr. Hippy, and perceiving that he should be necessitated, in his character of Bishop, to take a very active part in the diversion, began to exclaim with great vehemence, NOLO EPISCOPARI! which is probably the only occasion on which these words were ever used with sincerity. But Mr. O'Scarum, in his capacity of White Knight, pounced on the reluctant divine, and placing him between himself and Mr. Hippy, stood by him with his sword drawn, as if to prevent his escape; then clapping a sword into the hand of the reverend gentleman, exhorted him to conduct himself in a manner becoming an efficient member of the true church militant.

Lots were then cast for the privilege of

attack; and the chance falling on Miss Danaretta, the music struck up the tune of *The Triumph*, and the whole of the white party began dancing, with their faces towards the King, performing at the same time various manœuvres of the sword exercise, with appropriate pantomimic gestures, expressive of their entire devotion to His Majesty's service, and their desire to be immediately sent forward on active duty. In vain did the Reverend Mr. Portpipe remonstrate with Mr. O'Scarum that his dancing days were over: the inexorable Knight compelled him to caper and flourish his sword, "till the toil-drops fell from his brows like rain." Sir Gregory Greenmould did his best on the occasion, and danced like an elephant in black drapery; but Miss Danaretta and her eight lovely Nymphs rescued the exertions of the male performers from too critical observation. King Hippy received the

proffered service of his army with truly royal condescension. Miss Danaretta waved her sword with inimitable grace, and made a sign to the damsel in front of the King to advance two squares. The same manœuvres now took place on the black side; and Miss Celandina sent forward the Nymph in front of Major O'Dogskin to obstruct the further progress of the white damsel. The dancing now recommenced on the white side, and Miss Danaretta ordered out the Reverend Mr. Portpipe to occupy the fourth square in front of Squire Heeltap. The reverend gentleman rolled forward with great alacrity, in the secret hope that he should very soon be taken prisoner, and put *hors de combat* for the rest of the evening. Squire Hermitage was detached by Miss Celandina on a similar service; and these two episcopal heroes being thus brought together in the centre of the field, entered, like Glau-

cus and Diomede, into a friendly parle, in the course of which the words Claret and Burgundy were repeatedly overheard. The music frequently varied, as in a pantomime, according to circumstances: the manœuvres were always directed by the waving of the sword of the Queen, and were always preceded by the dancing of the whole party, in the manner we have mentioned, which continued *ad libitum*, till she had decided on her movement. The Nymph in front of Sir Gregory Greenmould advanced one square. Mr. Sarcastic stepped forward to the third square of Squire Hermitage. Miss Danaretta's Nymph advanced two squares, and being immediately taken prisoner by the Nymph of Major O'Dogskin, conceded her place with a graceful bow, and retired from the field. The Nymph in front of Sir Gregory Greenmould avenged the fate of her companion; and Mr.

Hippy's Nymph withdrew in a similar manner. Squire Hermitage was compelled to cut short his conversation with Mr. Portpipe, and retire to the third square in front of Mr. Derrydown. Sir Telegraph skipped into the place which Sir Gregory Greenmould's Nymph had last forsaken. Mr. Killthedead danced into the deserted quarters of Squire Hermitage, and Major O'Dogskin swept round him with a minuet step into those of Mr. Sarcastic. To carry on the detail would require more time than we can spare, and, perhaps, more patience than our readers possess. The Reverend Mr. Portpipe saw his party fall around him, one by one, and survived against his will to the close of the contest. Miss Danaretta and Miss Celandina moved like light over the squares, and Fortune alternately smiled and frowned on their respective banners, till the heavy mural artillery of Mr. Vamp being

brought to bear on Mr. Paperstamp, who fancied himself a tower of strength, the latter was overthrown and carried off the field. Mr. Featherneat avenged his fate on the embattled front of Mr. Killthedead, and fell himself beneath the sword of Mr. Sarcastic. Squire Heeltap was taken off by the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, who begged his courteous prisoner to walk to the sideboard and bring him a glass of Madeira; for Homer, he said, was very orthodox in his opinion that wine was a great refresher in the toils of war *. The changeful scene concluded by Miss Danaretta, with the aid of Sir Telegraph and the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, hemming Major O'Dogskin into a corner, where he was reduced to an incapacity of locomotion; on which the Major bowed, and made the best of his way to the side-

* Ιλ. Ζ. 261.

board, followed by the reverend gentleman, who, after joining the Major in a pacific libation, threw himself into an arm-chair, and slept very comfortably till the annunciation of supper.

Waltzes, quadrilles, and country dances followed in succession, and, with the exception of the interval of supper, in which Miss Evergreen developed all the treasures of anti-saccharine taste, were kept up with great spirit till the rising of the sun.

Anthelia, who of course did not join in the former, expressed to Mr. Forester her astonishment to see waltzing in Redrose Abbey. "I did not dream of such a thing," said Mr. Forester; "but I left the whole arrangement of the ball to Sir Telegraph, and I suppose, he deemed it incumbent on him to consult *the general taste of the young ladies.* Even I, young as I am, can re-

member the time when there was no point of resemblance between an English girl in a private ball-room, and a French *figurante* in a theatrical *ballet:* but waltzing and Parisian drapery have levelled the distinction, and the only criterion of the difference is the place of the exhibition. Thus every succeeding year witnesses some new inroad on the simple manners of our ancestors; some importation of continental vice and folly; some unnatural fretwork of tinsel and frippery on the old Doric column of the domestic virtues of England. An Englishman in stays, and an Englishwoman waltzing in treble-flounced short petticoats, are anomalies so monstrous, that till they actually existed, they never entered the most ominous visions of the speculators on progressive degeneracy. What would our Alfred, what would our third Edward, what

would our Milton, and Hampden, and Sidney, what would the barons of Runnymead have thought, if the voice of prophecy had denounced to them a period, when the perfection of accomplishment in the daughters of England would be found in the dress, manner, and action of the dancing girls of Paris?"

The supper, of course, did not pass off without songs; and among them Anthelia sang the following, which recalled to Mr. Forester their conversation on the sea-shore.

THE MORNING OF LOVE.

O! the spring-time of life is the season of blooming,
And the morning of love is the season of joy;

Ere noontide and summer, with radiance consuming,
Look down on their beauty, to parch and destroy.
O! faint are the blossoms life's pathway adorning,
When the first magic glory of hope is withdrawn;
For the flowers of the spring, and the light of the morning,
Have no summer budding, and no second dawn.

Through meadows all sunshine, and verdure, and flowers,
The stream of the valley in purity flies;
But mixed with the tides, where some proud city lowers,
O! where is the sweetness that dwelt on its rise?

The rose withers fast on the breast it first graces;
Its beauty is fled ere the day be half done:—
And life is that stream which its progress defaces,
And love is that flower which can bloom but for one.

THE END OF VOL. II.

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